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"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Preparation of Seeds.

At this time of the year, when the farmer is called upon to commit to the earth the seed of the future crop, it seems peculiarly necessary to think a little upon the subject of preparing that seed in the most suitable manner, even if it should not be altogether in his power to practice every hint, or to even practice all that his own experience may have taught him. It is a subject very liable to be overlooked, and yet, one of no small importance to the farmer, who is desirous to reap the greatest crop from the least outlay of labor and capital. As a general rule, the matter is neglected until the ground is plowed, and harrowed, and all ready to be sown. The farmer then "hunts up" the seed, perhaps he has it in his own bin, unsifted and only half cleaned, filled in with grass seeds and weed seeds, and unripe kernels of the kind which he desires to sow. "Never mind," says he, "I haven't time now to separate it—the team is waiting—I must do better another season"—and away goes the seed into the ground with all its accompanying abominations. Now, a little time—say some leisure day during the last of winter, might have been very profitably spent in screening, separating and cleansing this very batch of seed for spring use. Perhaps he has to "drop all" and run about to buy it. If this be the case, look-out for a shave. Seed wheat, seed barley, seed corn, or seed anything, commands a little better price than the common kinds, and there are shrewds enough, who, when they see a man with a bag in his hand, enquiring for "good seed," always have it at a little extra price, while the extra quality is not so clearly perceptible. There are honorable exceptions to this we will allow. A little time spent by the farmer in running his seed grain through the proper machinery, for cleansing it of pinched and shriveled grains and foul stuff, would pay him a very handsome profit.

There is another branch of preparation of seeds beginning to demand attention, which will undoubtedly arrest the attention of every thinking farmer. It is that of soaking or steeping seeds in different kinds of stimulating liquids. Much speculation has been had, by chemists, and those practical farmers who have become favorably impressed with the good action of different kinds of steeps, and we have published in the Farmer, during the past year, some pretty encouraging stories, to say the least of them, from those who allege that a few days' soaking of wheat, oats or other grain, was equivalent to a dressing of manure on the land. Such assertions ought to be received with caution—just faith enough to induce you to look patiently into the question, and, as Paul recommends in religious matters, "to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." Some of these statements come from men entitled to respectful consideration. Thus, Mr. COLMAN, in the second number of his European Agriculture, devotes a chapter to the subject of steeping seeds. He communicates a letter from Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL to him, wherein he details the results of steeping seeds in solutions of sulphate, nitrate, and muriate of ammonia, also nitrate of soda and potassa, and combinations of these.

Almost every farmer has been in the habit of occasionally soaking his wheat or his corn in a solution of some chemical salt, such as copperas, or blue vitriol, or saltpetre, before sowing it, but no very exact experiments have been instituted by them to ascertain the comparative benefits.

Another question in regard to the preparation of seeds, will probably, sooner or later, be submitted to the practical farmer, as it has already exercised the leisure hours and curiosity of some amateurs; and that is in regard to the power, as well as the precise changes, which galvanic, or, in other words, electrical action has upon the germinating seed. All these may engage the attention of those who have time and capital to expend in such research, and the more practical and operative farmer will put them into use when all the laws of their action have become unfolded, and the conditions of their application better understood. Until then it will be his duty to keep on the safe side, follow improvements as fast and far as safety will allow, and keep his eye open to see and learn other improvements, as fast as they shall be established by the pioneers of this practical science.

PENOBSCOT BEVER. The Bangor Whig says that a couple of oxen were lately slaughtered in that city, which weighed as follows: the heaviest, one side, 776—the other, 766—hide, 123—tallow, 179—total, 1844. The lightest, one side, 685—the other, 682—hide, 129—tallow, 146—total, 1641. Total weight of both, 3485. These oxen were raised by J. S. Johnson, Esq., of Dixmont, Penobscot Co. The Whig says the beef is equal to "Boston beef." Why, dear soul, Boston beef is no better than Bangor beef; and if you will just send that up to the big city, it will soon become the Boston article. The Bostonians are indebted to the "country folks" for the majority of their best eatables, over which they "crack" so much.

Third Number of Colman's European Agriculture, in manuscript, has been received by the American publisher, A. D. Phelps, Boston, and will soon be before the public.

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIII.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1845.

NO. 18.

Smut in Wheat.

As the weevil seems to have been less abundant for a few years past, in the middle sections of Maine, our farmers are again venturing to sow more liberally. There are two other troubles that often attend us in the culture of wheat, and these are rust and smut—(we speak of spring wheat.) Early sowing is a pretty sure preventive of rust; and as for smut, it may be prevented by thoroughly cleansing the grain. Some wash it in a solution of blue vitriol, being careful to scrub the smut balls, that are found adhering to the ends of the kernels, shall be crushed, and that the seed shall be thoroughly imbued with the solution.

The Editor of the Albany Cultivator gave us, last fall, an account of a process practiced by a gentleman near Baltimore, which is very cheap and very simple. It is merely washing the seed carefully and effectually in a strong solution of common Glauber's salts, (sulphate of soda.) He dissolves enough in the water to make the solution sufficiently dense to bear up an egg. Then washes the wheat by hand, being careful to skin off all the light, floating grains and seeds. By making the solutions thus strong, none but the heavier grains will sink. The same may be effected by a strong solution of common salt, although some think the common salt not quite so good to destroy the smut seeds. After the washing, it may be spread out on a floor to become somewhat dry. Some sprinkle slacked lime upon it, and some plaster of paris, and then sow it immediately.

PLANT THE MARROW SQUASH, EARLY. The Marrow Squash is one of the best that is raised by farmers, but in this latitude it should be planted as early as the seed will vegetate. We have noticed, and, we believe, before mentioned to our readers, that they seldom blossom until the vines are two feet long. The sooner, therefore, you get them out the longer, the sooner you may expect to see them blossom, and, of course, the sooner push out the fruit.

Henology. Mr. HOLMES:—As much is being done at the present day for the improvement and propagation of poultry, I will mention a circumstance that occurred some six or eight weeks since. While feeding my hens I noticed one of them was in a drooping state, and did not come forward to eat. I examined her, and found the crop full. I let her go until the next morning, when she was found in the same situation, and did fair to die. I took her to the house, made an incision into the crop, removed its contents, corn, clover leaves, chaff, &c., cleansed the crop, brought the skin nicely together, and sewed it up. The operation did not appear to be attended with pain. On letting her go she appeared faint, would pitch forward, and could hardly stand. We fed her on light, easily digested food,—kept her in a few nights, and then let her out with the other hens. She is now well, and lays regularly. I mention this for the benefit of others who may find their poultry laboring under the same or a similar difficulty.

Hints for Spring Work. During the present month, farmers should endeavor as much as possible to get their land into the best condition for planting, for on this will depend in a great measure the success of the crop. No pains should be spared to apply manure copiously to corn and potato crops—the product will abundantly repay the labor. To the small grain crops, as for instance, oats and barley, manure should not commonly be applied, as the benefits in such case may not overbalance the injury.

Wheat, which has been injured by the heaving of the frost, has in some cases been greatly benefited by passing a roller over it, thus pressing the roots again into the earth.

New mowers should be rolled in the spring, to render the surface smooth for mowing.

Plaster, to be beneficial to the greatest extent should be sown on meadows early in spring.

Green sward, in order to be turned over neatly, should have the furrow slices one half wider than thick.

Seed barley, by being limed and rolled in plaster, has produced crops freer from smut in consequence of this operation, and yields larger products.

Sticks of peach and other fruit trees, should now be cut and trimmed. Every bud should be removed except the one intended to grow.

The soil round fruit trees which do not stand in cultivated ground should be spaded for two or three feet on each side. This is absolutely necessary for young trees.

The roots of peach trees should be examined for the purpose of removing all the worms which may have eaten the roots, and all the holes which appear should be searched to their termination, that the worm may not escape.

We wish again to urge upon farmers the great benefit to be derived from the culture of root crops—the amount of cattle food thus obtained is too much overlooked. By good culture many hundred bushels may be safely calculated on, exceeding many times in value a good crop of hay from the same quantity of land. Drilling, instead of sowing the seed, greatly lessens the labor of hoeing.

Agricultural statistics of France and England.—There are about 4,500,000 hectares pasture land in France, and 25,000,000 of arable land. The result is a scarcity of cattle, forage, horses, and manure. France annually imports horses and cattle to the value of 100,000,000 francs. The following is a comparison of the statistics between France and England:

	France.	England.
Horses, sold	40,000	170,000
Cattle, do.	800,000	1,250,000
Sheep, do.	5,200,000	10,300,000
For each million hectares.		
Horses,	1,000	13,077
Cattle,	20,000	96,154
Sheep,	130,000	770,000
For each million of inhabitants.		
Horses,	1,667	32,692
Cattle,	33,333	221,154
Sheep,	216,667	1,361,328

Flax Culture for the Seed.

And for seed and lint—its effect on the flax pulling-machine, &c. EDITOR CULTIVATOR.—The culture of flax for the seed only, has been found to be a very profitable branch of rural economy in Seneca County. Flax culture on our clay loams, has the effect to keep the soil loose and porous, so that after the flax is gathered, the stubble needs only half the working necessary to fit an ordinary fallow for wheat. It is the opinion of many sensible farmers, who do not on that account grow flax, that a flax crop immediately followed by wheat, is too exhausting to the soil for economical husbandry; per contra, it is stoutly maintained by others who have successfully grown wheat after flax, that if the soil has not been previously too much worn, wheat will succeed better after flax, than on the summer fallow. It is true that the gluten of the stem and seed of flax, produces a great assimilation of soil matters; but the action of the roots of the flax plant on a tenacious soil, seems designed by nature to fit that soil for the reception of ammonia, for which we are told allumina has a great affinity; thus nature has given to that plant which requires much nitrogen, the mechanical structure of root, to fit the soil to absorb the constituents of nitrogen and carbon from the atmosphere. The quantum of inorganic matter taken by flax from the soil, (not having seen the analysis,) I am unable to determine; but that all the cereals, grains, wheat contains by far the greatest portion of these substances, its straw alone yielding nearly four times as much ashes as the stem of oats, and twice as much as that of barley. Hence, may we not infer that it is the previous exhaustion in the soil of its wheat forming pabulum by previous wheat crops, and not to the alteration of an occasional flax crop, that the wheat product is deteriorated?

About four years ago, a mill for breaking and dressing flax was erected in this village (Watloo). The enterprising proprietor, Mr. Gardner Wood, has induced many farmers to pull their flax, and to dew rot and save the lint; instead of pursuing the old course of cutting up the flax with the scythe, and appropriating the seed only. To encourage a more general pulling of the flax in order to save the lint, Mr. Wood has procured from the patentee in New Jersey, a flax pulling machine. It is of wood and iron on low wheels, about the bulk of a small wagon, cost \$90, with the right to use it. With the help of this machine, four men have pulled and bunched sixteen acres of flax in four days; but as the machine requires some mechanical tact, and can only be used on a smooth surface, most of the flax intended for dressing, is still pulled by hand.

The success of the Seneca county farmers in making a flax crop a successful one for the sun-stricken fallow, has induced many farmers in the neighboring counties to adopt its culture. In the town of Hamblin, Oswego Co., a flax dressing mill has just been erected, which will dress this season about 20,000 lbs. of clean flax. Mr. C. Gifford, of the same town, has grown the past season on five acres of land, 58 1/2 bushels of seed, 1,750 lbs. of dressed flax; the flax netted him 5 cts. a lb., the seed 12 shillings a bushel. A. Taber, of Ira, Cayuga county, has harvested the past season, 18 1/2 bushels of seed to the acre on nine acres; the lint of the same yielded about 2,500 lbs. of clean flax, worth at tide water, nine cents a lb. The land on which the above crops were grown, was Indian corn stubble, plowed once in the spring, harrowed and sowed late in April, with three pecks of seed to the acre, and harvested as soon as the balls began to change color, which, last season, was about the 20th of July. Two weeks earlier than in ordinary seasons. The field of Mr. Taber had never received any animal manure; it was on one of those fertile alluvial ridges of finely divided matter, so common to the Cayuga, Seneca, and the south division of Wayne county.

Waterloo, N. Y., Feb. 21, '45.

[Albany Cultivator.]

Mixing Soils.

Some nine or ten years ago, in the early part of my farming, I had occasion to deepen a well about six or eight feet. The earth thrown out was a tenacious blue clay, just damp enough to cut into lumps, and adhesive enough to remain so. After finishing the well, the man who had charge of the farm was at a loss to know where to deposit it. Having a bare sandy knoll in one of the fields, which was not inaptly termed "personal property," from its being waited about by every breeze, here to-day and there to-morrow, it occurred to me that the clay would hold the sand and form a soil. I accordingly ordered it deposited there in heaps, the same it is now. This was in the summer. In the fall the lands were scattered over the surface and left to the action of the rain and frost. In the spring it was found to have broken down, crumbled and shrank like lime. These heaps were reduced and the clay evenly spread over the surface. The field received a coat of manure, was ploughed, and sown with oats and peas. That where the clay was applied produced the largest and most vigorous growth of any other part of the field. In the fall it was sown with clover, and the next spring clover and clover. The year was a success. The field was much more vigorous and heavier on than any part of the field. In fact, the person who occupied the farm after I left it, informed me that he lost his crop of grass on that part in consequence of its lodging. Thus the personal was made real or fast property, and remains so to the present day.

Having experienced such beneficial effects from mixing clay with sand, I was afterwards induced to try what effect sand would have on a rather retentive soil. The garden at Three Hills Farm, is a stiff clay loam resting on a strong tenacious clay subsoil, rather inclining to moisture. The second year after I purchased and took possession of it, I caused a coat of sand, from six to eight inches depth, to be put on one of the squares, which was spaded in with the manure, and I had the satisfaction to witness the most gratifying and happy results—the crop on that square was far superior to any other in the garden. Since then I have caused over five hundred one-horse cart loads of sand to be put in the garden, and the effect is still visible although the sand has disappeared. [C. Bennett's Address.]

To make Whale-Oil Soap for washing Fruit Trees. Take 10 lbs. potash and 10 lbs. of foot oil and put in a barrel. Every other day pour upon the mixture 12 quarts boiling water, stirring it every day for a few minutes. When the barrel is filled up with water the soap will be fit for use. New potatoes, about 4 gallons of soap into a hoghead of 150 gallons of water, and apply the suds to the trees by aid of the garden engine. This application is one of the best destroyers of insects known, and at the same time it is an excellent stimulant to the growth of all vegetation. [Am. Ag.]

Keep your farming tools in good repair.

The Wheat Trade.

The March number of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine opens with an interesting article on the production of wheat in the United States, from which we gather, that the annual export of flour and wheat (reduced to bushels) to all countries on the globe, from the year 1790 to the present time, has not amounted to 4,500,000 bushels; and for the last 25 years has not amounted to 4,600,000 bushels. The importance of our home market is strikingly illustrated by the fact, that the single State of Massachusetts in the same period, (1842), consumed more flour than was exported to all foreign countries.—Thus, maintains the writer in Hunt's Magazine, one customer at home on our own soil, is worth a hundred customers in Great Britain. The foreign customer demands supplies from us when driven to it by famine, and the demand may exist for a week or two during a year. The customer at home is a perpetual one, fed by us from week to week and year to year. General Jackson, in his memorable letter to Dr. Coleman, in 1824, uses the following language:—"Take from agriculture 600,000 men, women, and children, and you will at once give a market for more bread-stuffs than all Europe now furnishes." This proposition then boldly made, startling to the unreflecting, and contrary to received notions, is creditable to the old man's penetration and sagacity in the highest degree. It is truth fully and triumphantly verified by the case of Massachusetts—her 800,000 people furnishing not only as good a market as "all Europe now furnishes," but a better than all the world furnishes.

It must be remembered that, while this State promotes this enormous consumption of bread stuffs, still but 55,166, or less than one-ninth of the whole number engaged in manufactures and trades, reside within her borders. Allow much of this consumption to be caused by fisheries, commerce, or as you please, and allow the manufacturers to consume one-half as much as the rest of the States, and we at once perceive the home market to be equal to five times the foreign demand. It appears, from the annual treasury reports, that our principal customers from abroad are, Great Britain and her possessions, 2nd, Brazil; 3rd, Cuba; yet Massachusetts supplies a market doubly or trebly as good as the former. New Jersey purchases from other States twice as much as Brazil; the whole fisheries, (as single round of supplies for the fleet exceeding 100,000 barrels, while as much is consumed at home during their cruises), a superior market to Cuba; and finally, no other power or dominion on the face of the globe, passing the three mentioned, consumes one-half as much of our bread stuffs as the city of Pittsburgh.

The great controlling fact, that a nation after all consumes most of its production, and finds its best market at home, is set forth in a strong light by Senator Walker in his famous letter in favor of the annexation of Texas. One of his strong arguments is the vast enlargement of a home market. He finds, by the census, that the aggregate production of all branches of our own products consumed more than \$1,000,000,000, while our annual exports are but about one-tenth of that amount. But let us hear the argument. The friends of a tariff for protection may well exclaim "Jas est abbas doceri" when they hear such arguments from a supposed violent antagonist. "Our exports of domestic products," he says, "by the treasury report of 1840, amounted to \$103,533,896, deducting which from our whole products by the census of 1840, would leave \$899,000,845 of our own products consumed that year by our own population of 17,062,453; and the consumption of our domestic products, \$103,533,896 by the population of the world—900,000,000, would make an average consumption of \$56 in value of our products, consumed by each one of our own people, and 11 cents in value of our products, consumed on the average by each person beyond our limits; and thus it appears that one person within our limits consumes as much of our own products, as 509 persons beyond our limits."

[N. Y. Mirror.]

Reward of Industry and Skill.

Our correspondent "Indicator," gives some interesting facts in regard to the success of a man, who, under many discouragements, bought a farm of seventy-four acres near Buffalo, about twelve years since. The man was an Englishman by birth, though he was not brought up to farming. At the time he bought the farm, it was thought so poor that while commencing operations, and making his garden, his neighbors told him he was throwing away his labor, for the land could not be made to produce anything. In purchasing and paying for the land he was forced to encounter serious difficulties and to forego many comforts. We are informed that he even had to trade away his watch to get a wagon, and his cloak or overcoat to get a part of a stack of hay, to feed his team upon before grass could be grown. But under all these discouraging hardships, he perseveringly continued his efforts, which have at last been crowned with success equal to his anticipations. "He harvests" (it is said) "as good crops as any one, and much better than many of those who are in possession of farms called the best." To the original seventy-four acres which he had so hard a struggle to buy, he has added fifty more, giving him a farm of 124 acres, which we are told is all paid for, and that he has built on it one good frame barn, has cleared off the logs, stumps, and stones, and his fences are said to be better than on most farms leveled, about the same quantity of road side gravel lodged at the foot of the hill, by water, was also thrown in, and some of the soil thrown back, in which the seeds were planted; then over the hill a small quantity of broken charcoal was scattered.—The plants were occasionally watered with wash water, or from the sink. The melons were fine and many of them weighed from ten to twelve pounds each.

[Albany Cultivator.]

Culture of Water Melons.

Last season I raised a fine lot of water melons, having with others about here (Bridgeport) failed for many years.—Having removed the soil sufficiently to receive about half a bushel of horse stable manure and water, I kept one in milk for five years constantly, and she increased in her milk every year, and it was almost impossible to dry her when I turned her to beef. I am now milking one for the third year, which neither gains nor falls in her milk, and I presume would not, should she be milked ten years. I am milking another for the first year, which I presume will continue to gain, from year to year. My cows have been kept away from the bull, not sprayed.

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The contractors are fast filling up the flats owned by the Charlestown Branch Railroad, near the State Prison. The Maine Extension Railroad crosses this property at the junction with the Prison Point Bridge, communicating with East Cambridge. At this point, three railroads, two streets, and a bridge meet together. [Bunker Hill Aurora.]

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An Acre of Corn.

I am a poor ploughman who never have wander'd away from the sight and the pleasures of home, I have always been prudent and never have squander'd. And so I have never been driven to roam. For thirty long summers my shoulders have banded in tilling the farm where my father was born; I live under his roof, and this season have tended With the plough that he left me, an acre of corn.

Though others may go to the southward and peddle, And bring home of guineas and dollars good store, I've been content with their thrashings to meddle, But to hoe in my garden that lies by my door. When the sun is first rising I always am hoeing The mould when it's wet with the dews of the morn; And when he is higher you will find me a mowing, Or driving my plough in my acre of corn.

There are some who are crossing by sea to the Island They call Santa Cruz, with their horses and hay; For my part, I'd rather be safe here on dry land, And hoe in my garden, or work by the day; I am out in the field with the sun, and am mowing, 'Till call'd up at noon by the sound of the horn. Or else I am twirling my hoe, and am throwing The mould round the roots of my acre of corn.

This corn is the sort that is tuffed and bowing, And when we have thresh'd it, 'tis made into brooms; 'Tis the best of all brooms, so far as I'm knowing, To sweep out the dust and the dirt from our rooms; They always have raised it since I can remember, And my father once told me, before I was born, He made brooms for his trade, and I guess by December, I shall make up a load from my acre of corn.

SPRING WORK FOR FARMERS' WIVES.—Now is the time to see that everything appertaining to the spring-house or dairy-room is put in order and all needed repairs made at once. Stop up all holes, so that neither rat nor mouse can enter—get the gauze window fitted in to keep out the flies and insects which will soon be buzzing about—and see that the walls and ceiling overhead are thoroughly whitewashed. This may seem rather early work for our northern farmers; but the truth is, if we do not get it done this month, ten to one our husbands will be so busy the rest of the Spring, that they will not have time to tend to it all. See that the churns, tubs, and pails, are bright and in order, and that plenty of wide, flat pans for setting the milk are got ready. The more shallow the milk to set in, the more rapidly will the cream rise, and a greater quantity in proportion to the milk will be obtained. When doing narrow milk pans are used, considerable loss ensues from want of proper rising of cream. Preserve plenty of calves' rennets for curdling the cheese, and see that the press is all right. Cheese is getting to be a very important export to Great Britain, and we may soon monopolize that market by paying proper attention to its manufacture among us. I conclude my homely with a hint for the benefit of all good husbands; and as I am a poet by nature, they will excuse my giving it to them in rhyme:

For work ahead prepare the way,
For this ne'er give your wife a day;
You can't expect a harvest prime,
Unless you sow your seed in time.
[Am. Agriculturist.] DOLLY HOMESFURN.

Grafting.

Mons. Schroer recommends using a branch of common willow, an inch or two in diameter, in the following manner, as a matrix for receiving the grafts of such varieties of apple, pear, or quince trees, as it is desirable to multiply: Make a shallow cut or slit through the branch, at equal distances of 15 to 18 inches. Take a graft having two perfect buds, give the lower end the wedge shape, (using a keen knife,) and insert them in the slits of the willow, making the lower bud sit close to the slit. Then bury the branch in a trench formed in good garden soil, of such depth as will permit the upper buds to protrude just above the surface of the ground when the trench is again filled. The ground must be watered occasionally, if the season be dry, and weeds must be carefully extirpated whenever they appear. In the spring of the following year, the branch may be taken up and cut in pieces, leaving a small portion to each of the growing grafts, which are to be replanted in the nursery. The willow does not form a permanent union with the grafts, but merely supplies nutriment until the proper fibrous roots are produced from the lower bud. [Farmer's Cabinet.]

CONTINUATION OF MILK IN COWS.—Extract of a letter from Mr. Calvin Butler, Plymouth, Connecticut, to the editor of the Cultivator:

"On the subject of keeping cows in milk from year to year, I have had some experience. It is not true that cows kept constantly in milk, will after a lapse of years fail of their milk. This depends upon the nature and disposition of the cow for milk or fatness. I kept one in milk for five years constantly, and she increased in her milk every year, and it was almost impossible to dry her when I turned her to beef. I am now milking one for the third year, which neither gains nor falls in her milk, and I presume would not, should she be milked ten years. I am milking another for the first year, which I presume will continue to gain, from year to year. My cows have been kept away from the bull, not sprayed."

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NOVEL IMPROVEMENT.

The American line packet ship Northumberland, which arrived in the St. Katharine-dock, a few days since, from New York, has brought, among other things, four patent guns, the manufacture of the United States, of a very peculiar construction, for the British Government, the same having been purchased in America by the British Consul, and was forwarded to this country in pursuance of instructions from the Lords of the Admiralty to that effect. [London Globe.]

Mechanic Arts, &c.

Bones.—Whip-Handles.—Ivory Black.—Hoofs.—Prussian Blue.—Oil, &c.

This is a motley heading, but is exactly adapted to what we have to say. A few days since we took a ramble up Dear Creek. We were not waiting for pleasure, although the atmosphere that encompassed us was fragrant with — that we will tell by and by. We hope that the world will not be driven from the English vocabulary by this too free use of it.—The creek shore, above Ninth street, is measurably lined, and in one instance, we believe, covered by slaughter-houses,—some devoted to disposing of hogs, and others of cattle, larders, bone-mill, grease-trying establishments, and similar odorous vocations; and in the winter season the stream should be known as Bloody run, for such it literally is, its color being nearly scarlet. A brewery adds its mite, as well as a steam land and tallow manufactory, to the general aggregate of what the creek is the depository.

But however undesirable is the brink of this morning stream, the vale through which it runs is nevertheless a fountain of wealth. Among the establishments there is one which is a common receiver of nearly all the offal of the city slaughter-houses. From it is turned out an immense amount of grease and inferior lard. A large proportion of the daily market beef-lards and shanks are purchased by the proprietor, and after the marrow and grease are extracted, the bones are sold for the various purposes of button-making. Among the establishments, the manufacture of China-ware, or porcelain, and also ivory black. Of the latter, large quantities are used in the manufacture of shoe-black; and a mill in this noted vale is expressly appropriated to the grinding of bone, pitch of horns, &c., for the manufacture of black.

Of the small bone used for black and porcelain, this house is a foreign port, mostly Europe, about 400,000 lbs. per year, for the small, 816 per ton. A large contract was made with 1844, for export to Europe, at that rate, packages included; and for the latter, \$10 per 1000 pieces. The price last year was \$8.

Soap grease is the great staple of this Vesuvius, very large quantities of which are shipped to the Eastern cities. Forty thousand dollars worth was mentioned to us as the value of what is at this time on sale in New York alone. The prices here now are four cents for No. 1, and three and a half for No. 2.

One of the other articles made to a great extent, is Nests' foot oil, from the nether legs and hoofs.—This sells at wholesale at sixty-two to seventy-five cents per gallon.

Another is sausage skins, with which not only our own market is supplied, but shipments are constantly making to the South and East. They sell at \$10 per keg—size, the same as common lard kegs.

Hogs' bristles are another thing prepared by this and other houses, or house in the city, and of this article large shipments are also made, both of the combed and tied, used by saddlers, shoemakers, &c., and of the curled. The former kind sells at 30 to 25 cents per lb. The curled are used for the same purposes to which curled hair is applied—padding, cushioned chairs, sofa, &c. Who ever thought of reposing on a pig's back?

One other thing we learned in this evening ramble, was that we have with us a manufactory of Prussian Blue. The stock from which it is made is cattle's hoofs, and plucks, and the blood of hogs and sheep. The hoofs command \$16 per ton. The manufacturer is a German. It is but a year or eighteen months since he commenced operations, and cannot be said to be fairly under way, but he sufficiently tested the experiment clearly to demonstrate the practicability of successfully competing with the foreign article, both as to quality and price, and he expects in a few years to be able to consume a very large proportion of the blood to be obtained here.

We were also told of an instance of a foreign demand for blood. The facts we have stated are but instances of the economy with which science is capable of making us acquainted, and of the value of the skill by which it can be effected. Shall we cultivate the arts and sciences, and encourage skill and enterprise in our country? [Cincinnati Chronicle.]

Making Potash.

We have been asked what kinds of wood will produce the best potash. The following table exhibits the average product in potassa in several plants, according to the researches of Vanquelin, Pertuis, Kirwan, and De Saussure:

	Potassa.
In 1000 parts	
Pine or fir	0.45
Poplar	0.74
Beechwood	1.45
Oak	1.53
Boxwood	2.28
Willow	2.85
Maple	3.90
Elm	3.91

We are of opinion that this table is a pretty fair criterion of the amount of potassa to be found in American trees. It is well known among those practically engaged in the manufacture, that the sugar maple is among the most valuable we have for making potash, and this tree, till transplanted from America, was unknown in Europe. We have no doubt there are several others highly valuable, and we hope that we have now said on this head will induce some one to give us full particulars on the whole subject. But it is not of much importance to the manufacturer of potash to know what kind of wood will make the most, unless he is a purchaser of ashes solely for this purpose. Those who make potash, usually do it from the ash of the forest cut down to clear up the land for cultivation; the potash, therefore, is only a secondary consideration with them. They will see from the above table, that the ashes of elm and maple are the most valuable to make potash, and pine the least so. We wish some capable person could be induced to experiment on the ashes of American trees. It would be a matter of considerable importance to the country to do so. Of the manner of making potash, a friend thus writes us:

Forty years ago I was engaged in this business. My ashery building was forty feet square, with a deep underground story without a floor ten or twelve feet from the ground to the timbers overhead, with an attic story to receive the ashes. My vats were both square and round (the shape being immaterial

pass through a fresh leach of ashes, until there be little or no strength to it, thus saving all that is valuable.

All cannot have a side hill on which to erect an ashery; some must, consequently, build on level ground; but it is not as convenient.

The ashes ought all to be drawn away and spread upon land, as they are emptied from the leach. I have seen hills of leached ashes lying about an old ashery, when the land contiguous would have been doubled in value by having them spread upon it.—Being about to embark in making potash again, I shall anxiously wait before doing so, to hear from some manufacturer, through your columns, on this subject, before I commence. I am desirous of availing myself of any improvements on this old method. [An Agriculturist.]

The Peat-Maker.

Governor Seward was recently called by Rev. Mr. Evans and Dr. Baker of Owosso, to be the arbiter of serious personal difficulties between them. Mr. Seward consented to do so provided they would lay themselves under heavy pecuniary bonds to abide his decision, which they did. At the day appointed, (which was last week,) the parties appeared: as the difficulties had been of long standing, and had involved the Churches somewhat, to which the parties respectively belonged, producing great excitement far and near, a large concourse of people were attracted to the place. The eminent lawyers employed on both sides were in their places, and the Governor took his seat. Some hundred or more witnesses were in attendance, brought from several different Counties. The order of arrangement was that each party should first make a statement of his grievance, and then testimony, pleas of counsel, and decision of the umpire should follow in course.

After Mr. Baker and Mr. Evans had each made his statement, the points in dispute between them seemed so involved, and the difficulty of settling them in a public way, so great, an adjournment was proposed by some of the counsel that the parties might attempt a private adjustment. An appeal was made to the Governor for his decision on the point. He remarked in substance, as follows: "Gentlemen, I regret to disagree with you, as relates to your proposition for an adjournment. In drawing the bond by which the parties are bound, I confess I used some guile; by that bond they are bound not only to pay whatever amount of pecuniary damage I shall name, but they are to do, with respect to each other, whatever I shall require. Convinced that we are as well prepared to close the arbitration at this point, as we shall be if we pursue it further, I here pronounce my decision; it is this: that the parties drop their contention now and forever, and in token thereof, that they now rise before this assembly and shake hands." The words were no sooner spoken than they were both upon their feet and grasped each other's hand like cordial friends.

The Governor then appealed to the multitude of excited spectators, for the equity of his decision, when it was approved unanimously and with acclamation.—Northern Christ. Advocate.

Women in their June.

The early decay of female beauty, consequent on neglect of physical education and the corroding dryness of our climate, has given an American value to the immature April and May of female seasons, and a corresponding depreciation to the ripe June. The article which we copy below, from the Brooklyn Star, expresses, we believe, the opinion of the best judges of these exotics from a better world, and emboldens to express a long entertained belief that the most lovable age of unmarried woman's life commences at the earliest at twenty-five, and lasts as long after as she shows no diminution of sensibility, no ravages of time. Women improve so much sooner than men (improve by the loving and suffering that spoils men) that we wonder that they have never found an historic antagonist of their later stages. We suggest it to pens at a loss. Here follow our contemporary's opinions:—N. Y. Mirror.

"My dear sir, if you ever marry, marry an old maid—a good old maid—who is serious, and simple, and true. I hate these double minded Misses, who are all the time hunting after a husband. I tell you that when a woman gets to be twenty-eight, she settles into a calm—rather she anchors in deep waters, and far from shore." There never was a set, or class, or community of persons, so belied as these ancient ladies. Look upon it as no reproach to a woman that is not married at thirty or thirty-five. Above all, fall not into the vulgar notion of romances, and shallow wits—unlearned in woman's heart, because they never had the love of a true woman—that these are continually lying in wait to catch bachelor's hearts. For one woman who has floated into the calm of her years, who is anxious to fix you, I will find you fifty maidens in their teens, and just out, who lay a thousand snares to entrap you, and with more cold blooded intent—for which is worse, that one of singleness of purpose should seek to lean upon you for life, or that one should seek you as a lover, to excite jealousy in others, or as a last resort?

Marry a healthy, well-bred woman, between twenty-eight and thirty-five, who is inclined to love you, and never bewildered your brains with suspicions about whether she has intentions on you or not. This is the rock of vanity upon which many a man has wrecked his best feelings and truest inclinations. Our false sense of society, and more than all, the false hollow tone of language upon the subject, leave very little courage for a straight forward and independent course in the matter. What matter if a woman likes you, and shows that she does, honestly and wishes to marry you? the more reason for self congratulation but not for vanity. What matter if she be young or not, so she be lovable? I won't say what matter if she be plain or not—for every body knows that it is no matter though it may have some business in determining the sentiment. I don't know what has led me into this course of remark. The last thing I should have expected, on sitting down to write, is, that I should have fallen into a lecture on matrimony. I am not an old maid myself, yet; but I have a clearer eye to their virtues than I have had, and begin to feel how dignified a woman may be "in her loneliness—and the fairer for that loneliness." You may think it is bespeaking favor and patience with a revenge.

Too Good. It is said that Mr. Cushing on being asked to dine with M. and L. Lin, discovered on the table something of which he was exceedingly thinking it to be duck. Not speaking Chinese, and wishing to know what it was, he pointed to it, after he had finished, saying to his host interrogatively, "Quick, quick, quick!" The mandarin, with equal brevity, replied, with a shake of his head, "Wow, wow, wow." Mr. Cushing's feelings can be imagined.

Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1845.

Gross Frauds in the Importation of Manufactured Silk.

The practice of the Custom House, of receiving manufactured silk for a duty of fifty cents, when it should pay two dollars and fifty, ought to be known by the people, and then the people should see that such exponents of the law should give place to honest men. The law in regard to manufactured silk expressly says, that silk in the gum should be admitted at a much less duty than that not in the gum. By "gum," every old woman who has ever seen a cocoon reeled, knows that the gum of the silk worm is meant, or in other words, raw silk, as this always has a natural gum adhering to it. Now the English manufacture all kinds of threads and twists, and then dip them into some sort of gum, or glue, and ship them to us. The wiseness of the department have decided that as this is "silk in the gum," it must be admitted at the low duty. The importer takes it, frees it of the glue, colors it, glues the market with it, to the great damage of the American silk grower. We think this is gumming us with a vengeance.

THE STEAMERS.—By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that at a meeting of the President and Directors of the new line, a vote was passed directing the Captain of the steamer John Marshall, not to race said boat under any circumstances. It will also be seen that no intoxicating drinks are allowed to the hands working said boat, or to passengers on board of her, except in cases of sickness.

So far as liquor is concerned, we believe that none has been kept on board any of the boats on the Kennebec for several years past, for other than medicinal purposes. This is as it should be.

As to racing, the arrangement is a good one, and we trust it will be strictly adhered to. If one line refuses (and sticks to it) to race, or crowd on more than a safe head of steam, of course the other will do the same thing; because there will be no competition in racing, and it is not likely that any one boat will try to outrun itself. We have confidence in the skill of the officers of both boats, as we also have in the staunchness of the boats themselves; and we hope both lines will behave themselves becomingly, looking to the convenience and comfort of passengers, as well as to their own interest.

FOXROCK ACADEMY.—We have received from our friend Chamberlain, one of the Trustees, a catalogue of the Officers and Students of Foxrock Academy, for the spring term of 1845. This must be a very flourishing institution. They have three instructors—Mr. T. Ash, A. B. Principal—Mr. J. G. Clark, and Miss Abbie B. Smith, Assistants.—The number of scholars, are as follows:—young gentlemen, 88; young ladies, 68; total, 156. The course of studies are excellent, and the expenses very reasonable.

SCHOOL GIRLS' OFFERING.—This is the title of a very modest, but very worthy manuscript periodical, that makes its appearance, every week, among the young ladies of Mr. Foster's High School at Winthrop. We have been favored with a perusal of several of the numbers, and must say they evince a good deal of talent and industry. Such exercises of the mind are invaluable to the young. They improve and strengthen the mental faculties, and draw out and discipline the talents, and prepare them for usefulness in the active life of the future.

Hovey's Catalogue of TREES, SHRUBS, &c. We thank the Messrs. Hovey for the favor of the catalogue which they had the goodness to send us. They have a very fine nursery near Boston, and a seed store at No. 7, Merchants' Row, Boston.

We see by their Magazine that they have received, and for sale, some new and valuable varieties of garden seeds, such as Emperor cucumber, 18 to 24 inches long—New Bassano beet, very early and tender—some new varieties of cauliflower, &c. &c.

JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT.—A man named Twig was recently tarred and feathered, and put into a canoe without oars, at Point Cowpee, Louisiana, for having committed an infamous crime.—Query—will that Twig incline to tar and feathers when he gets to be a tree?

A MUSLIN FACTORY.—Col. Bowford, it is said, is building a muslin factory, in Georgetown, D. C.—We believe that there are not many such factories in the United States.

WORTH SNEELLING OF.—Some "over" generous soul in Mobile, threw a bouquet on the stage, during the performance of a lady actress on the evening of her benefit, containing a diamond ring and a complimentary note. We should like a few such bouquets as that.

WHOLESALE BUTCHERY.—An exchange paper states that a Mr. Chiles, of Harrodsburg, Ky., lost seventy fine wool breeding ewes in one night by dogs. We should be tempted to bait those dogs with a little strychnine in the mutton. There would soon be a little barking in those diggings, as there was bleating.

FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY.—Twenty thousand dollars are bet on a race between two old horses, on Long Island, on the 12th of May next. One of them is called Fashion, and the other Peyton.

FROM THE CHEROKEE COUNTRY.—The delegation appointed by the National Council left Tahlequah for Washington on the 1st instant. It consists of John Ross, Joseph Vann, David Vann, and some others.

Col. Washington and Col. Amistead of the board of commissioners on the part of the United States, brought their labors to a close and left Tahlequah for Fort Gibson on the 28th of March.

The claims examined by them amounted to more than three millions of dollars, which the Cherokee Advocate hopes will be speedily settled for by the Government.

A large meeting was held at Tahlequah on the 24th of March, at which it was resolved that measures be taken to obtain from the U. S. Government, a speedy abandonment of Fort Gibson and removal of the U. S. Troops from the Cherokee territory. [Boston Bee.]

LARGE FUNERAL. The body of John Gordon, recently executed at Providence, was taken, Sunday, to Pawtucket, for interment, followed by four or five thousand people, and fifty or sixty carriages.—His brother Nicholas S. Gordon, now at large on bail, followed the body as chief mourner. There is considerable excitement among the Irish population of Providence and Pawtucket, from the belief, among a portion of them, that a judicial murder has been committed, in his execution. [Boston Transcript.]

Editorial Scribbles.

BY "SKEEPSFOOT."

To Dig, or not to Dig;

That's the question shortly to be decided by the voters of Augusta; and in deciding this, in our humble opinion, they will give their decision on the important question whether 'tis best to grow and prosper, or not to grow and prosper. A penniless boy, if he expects to amass property and rise in the world, must dig his way up; and a poor town, or State, or country, if it desires to increase its business, and thus augment its property, must dig to accomplish it; and Augusta, wealthy as she may be, and doing as much business as she now is, (which is nothing to brag of,) if she wishes immediately to increase her wealth and her business, must dig (that's the word) to bring about these desirable ends. There's no getting away from this: Uncle Sam has refused to dig for us here on the Kennebec, as he has dug for other members of his numerous family; and as delays are dangerous, and as there is no hope of our Uncle ever changing his views and lending us a helping hand, we think it best for us to rise in our might, and let him see that we can dig for ourselves, and build ourselves up to a manly stature as regards business, and consequently, wealth. In fact, we do not know but Uncle Sam has served us about right, though we don't exactly relish his partiality. It may be, after all, that he has acted as prudent and wise fathers sometimes act toward their children, and withheld the aiding hand for our own good, that we might be compelled to be industrious, and earn for ourselves an honorable reputation, and a prominent standing in the Union of which we are a component fraction. If such be the fact, (and perhaps we may as well consider it so, and for the sake of peace with the old gentleman, not make allegations to the contrary,) we ought to thank him for his wisdom, and be sure to act as not to thwart the good designs of his wise forethought,—so to act that all may be necessarily compelled to acknowledge that we have at least one spark of Yankee shrewdness, and know full well "which side our bread is buttered on."

The present Legislature, at its late session, was petitioned, by a large body of citizens, for the passage of an act authorizing the town of Augusta, if it should so vote to do, to hire money to the amount of ten thousand dollars, and to pay the same by levying a tax of five hundred dollars (or such sum as the town might agree upon) per year, for the purpose of digging deeper and wider the channel of the Kennebec at several points between here and Gardiner, so that the larger class of vessels and steamboats might come up without difficulty. This petition was listened to, and an act to the effect asked for, was granted. A town meeting will probably soon be called for the purpose of receiving a public expression of the views of our townsmen relative to the matter,—to ascertain whether or not they feel disposed to accept the act, and go ahead with, and consummate, the project. Let them, before deciding the matter at the ballot-box, give it a thorough investigation, and not vote blindly upon the impulse of the moment. If, after such an investigation, they become convinced that the accomplishment of it would add to the prosperity of the town,—would augment the amount of business of the various kinds carried on,—would benefit the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, and all others, they will of course vote to carry forward the project; but if they come to a different conclusion, they will vote correspondingly.

Some have their doubts as to the constitutionality or legality of thus raising money for such a purpose. We look at the matter in this light: what the people will, in their sanity, is right,—and if the people of Augusta vote to tax themselves to raise funds to accomplish any particular and desirable work, that is right; and so long as they ask no favors from others, no one can justly find fault. There are many examples of this manner of raising money for like purposes, that might be named. Some advance the idea that, if consummated, it will not benefit only the few real-estate owners in the village, and will tend to make the rich still richer, without aiding and benefiting others. Perhaps this is a correct view of the subject, but it doesn't strike us as such. We are of the opinion that it must inevitably redound to the benefit of all classes. How stands the case now with the farmer? He does not receive so much for his potatoes at this port as they bring at ports below us, for the simple reason that masters find it difficult to sail their vessels safely to this place, consequently the demand here for transportation is comparatively small, and prices correspondingly low. The same may be said of wood and bark and lumber. We have been told that the article of bark brings fifty cents more per cord a few miles below us, for the above reasons, than it does here. Let Augusta be made the head of navigation for large vessels and steamboats, and business of all kinds would receive a healthy impulse. Our commercial and manufacturing and trading population would undoubtedly increase,—which would give employment to mechanics and laborers, and afford a greater market to farmers.

We are informed that the expense of clearing out the channel is contemplated, cannot possibly exceed the amount asked for; and those who have taken the trouble to investigate the subject thoroughly, and to learn the prices paid by Uncle Sam for digging, are of the opinion that it will not require that sum. We trust the people will give this matter the thought and attention that its importance seems to demand, and act as they, in their wisdom, may deem for the present and future interest of themselves and posterity. So mought it be.

A WINDFALL.—An uncle of Fanny Wright, a lady of some notoriety, lately deceased in Scotland, leaving her a property worth the comfortable little sum of £100,000. She is at present in Jersey City, near New York, and will leave the country in a few weeks to take possession of this windfall. She only tarries to take the necessary legal steps, preliminary to taking possession of this beautiful "tin" craft. Who cares? We don't. We've no rich uncles nor aunts to die off and leave us a legacy; therefore we borrow no trouble, and are as happy as an eel in the mud, so long as we've a clean shirt, good credit, and three cents in our pocket on Saturday night, the necessary sum to purchase the "size" for Sunday consumption. Whoop! we wouldn't be rich if we could,—"cause rich men are always in "hot water," and don't sleep o' nights, for fear they'll wake up in the morning and find their purses a few coppers lighter, than they were when they retired. Riches, like sin, breed trouble,—and trouble is trouble, and that's the end on't!

Commendable. Many of the citizens of New York City, met at the Tabernacle on Tuesday night last week, for the commendable purpose of making arrangements to raise funds for the relief of the thousands of sufferers by the late conflagration at Pittsburgh, an account of which we gave last week. Mayor Harper presided, and speeches were made by several distinguished gentlemen. Resolutions of a sympathetic and commendatory tone, were presented and adopted; and a committee appointed, consisting of some seventy influential citizens, to canvass the city, and receive such donations for the sufferers as persons might feel disposed to give. The Mayor stated that Mr. Astor, the millionaire, had already been visited, and had cheerfully subscribed five hundred dollars; and it is thought probable that his son will give as much more. New York remembers her own great calamitous visitation by fire, and will undoubtedly make up a purse which will be of great relief to the destitute of Pittsburgh, who have been stripped of house and home, large numbers of whom are now compelled to huddle together in churches and other public buildings for shelter. Philadelphia and other cities have already contributed much for their relief, and by so doing have called down upon their heads the grateful thanks of the distressed, and, without doubt, the approving smiles of Heaven.

ON! THE PEEKY CORSETS!—Ladies, look this way a moment, and read what is said of you and your suicidal practice of using corsets. Only read the following facts, which we clip from an old paper, printed some twelve years since. "Dr. Mussey says that greater numbers annually die among the female sex by the use of the corset, than are destroyed among the other sex by the use of spirituous liquors in the same time! It has been estimated that more than fifty thousand die in the United States every year, in consequence of the immoderate use of ardent spirits. For fear of being accused of exaggerating upon this fearful subject, let it be stated that thirty thousand die in this country every year in consequence of corsets. This is doubtless below the number which should be set down; but it makes enough to excite the attention of every head of a family and of every well wisher of the human race. Thirty thousand a year makes eighty-four for every day in the year, sacrificed at the cruel altar of fashion. This venture to say is a sacrifice of lives which knows no parallel."—Scissors! what self-deceiving beings the fair ones are! Ah! ye fairy ones of earth, little do ye think that the gearing and means you employ to metamorphose the forms that the Omnipotent one has seen fit to give you, into shapes to attract the eye and please the fancy of silly men,—are banes to life, and will react on yourselves, like the gun—

"Which though well aimed at duck or plover, Bears wild, and kicks its owner over." But all the blame rests not on your shoulders; for ye are easily flattered, and are inclined to please; and as silly men (silly in this respect at least) are constantly praising your "heavenly forms," both in story and in your hearing, you are led astray from the road of health, and sacrifice your lives at the altar of fashion, for what?—to please men, and tickle your own vanity. It may be there has been as much change in this matter as there has been in liquor drinking, since the calculations of Dr. Mussey were made. At least, we hope so.

POWER OF MUSIC.—That good music, instrumental or vocal, at certain times, has great and often remarkable power or influence on man, beast and reptile, all are aware. Upon the insane it is sometimes overpowering. Last winter, during the tarry of the "Harmoneum Family" in this town, they were invited by the Superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane, to visit that institution. They accepted the invitation, and, by request, sang a few of their popular melodies. The last was one of peculiar harmony and sweetness, and such was its overpowering effect upon one of the unfortunate inmates, who was near by, that she fainted away, and fell helpless to the floor. Whether the result was for the better or worse, we are not able to say.

We learn from the N. Y. American Republican, that the "Hutchinson Family," those popular and sweet singers "of the old Granite State," on Sabbath before last, paid a visit to the chapel of the Sing Sing (an appropriate name for the occasion) State Prison, and sang a number of sacred pieces; among which, "My Mother's Bible," they executed with such peculiar force and feeling, that many of the discordant and stout hearts of the prisoners melted into harmony, and tears flowed freely from their eyes. A good result is hoped for, says that journal.

Music hath its peculiar power and influence; but whether that power is as powerful as the waggish parodist asserts, when he says—

"Music hath power to soothe the breast of savage, To split a rock, or burst a cable," we do not feel disposed to say, but choose rather to remain non-committal on the point. It don't pay to hazard one's judgment on so important a point as this!

WALKING 'EM. The new administration at head quarters don't fancy many of the appointments made by "Captain Tyler" during his last days at the White House, and so President Polk is making removals and appointments no ways slow. Some of the Democratic prints say that he ought to remove every mother's son of 'em, who took office under Mr. Tyler. In this State, we perceive that he is making a pretty clean sweep of the Tyler Democrats, and filling their places with others.

IRON VESSEL. It is stated in the papers that the first iron vessel built in the New England States, is the Revenue Cutter McLane, launched at South Boston on the 19th ult. It is 142 feet 9 inches long, and 23 feet and 2 inches wide—burthen, 374 tons.—Iron vessels are becoming quite numerous. They will not be introduced into this woody region very soon.

BRUSHING UP. The Portland Transcript has cast aside his old garments, and appears out in a new and beautiful dress. All new—hat, coat, vest, pants, boots, and all the other little accoutrements which go to make up the perfect gentleman. Success to you, Mr. Transcript.

The Bangor Daily Whig has also undergone a metamorphosis, and comes to us much enlarged, and somewhat improved in personal appearance. We hope its prosperity will keep pace with its growth and improvement.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.—The May number of this popular periodical is before us. Like its predecessors, it "opens rich," being embellished with two fine engravings, and stored with its usual quantity (48 pages) of excellent reading matter.

BIG CATTLE. A writer in the last week's Banner, states that a cow, the property of Mr. Soule Staples of Turner, brought a male calf the week before, which weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds! He thinks the Kennebeckers can't beat this, and if they can, would like to see them about it.

General Jackson. Com. J. D. Elliott, of the U. S. Navy, has brought into this country from Malta, two sarcophagi, and presented one of them to the National Institute, at Washington, with the view of its being allotted to the burial of the hero of New Orleans, Gen. Andrew Jackson. The proceedings of the Institute in relation to the matter, accompanied by a letter from Mr. Elliott, were sent to the Hermitage, and a letter in reply has been received by the Commodore. It seems from this letter, that the venerable General declines the honor of having his remains interred in this stone coffin or tomb, which is supposed to have been that of an emperor or king. He writes that his physical system is greatly debilitated, and that he is suffering from a severe attack which may end his earthly pilgrimage—that although his nerves are remarkably steady, as steady as they were forty years since, yet, from debility and pain, he is "gasping for breath." He returns his sincere and profound respects to the Commodore and to the president and directors of the Institute for the honor they intended to bestow. He says that his republican feelings and principles forbid that his corpse should be deposited in a grave or tomb prepared for that of an emperor, and also that the simplicity of our system of government forbids it—that monumental structures to perpetuate the memories of our distinguished deceased heroes and statesmen, should be plain and unostentatious, bespeaking the simplicity and economy of our republican institutions—that he has prepared a simple and humble depository for his remains beside that which contains those of his beloved companion, where, when he is called to sleep with his fathers, he chooses to be laid, without any pomp or parade. It would seem from his remarks, that he expects not to survive much longer, and that he is prepared to go hence, whither no traveler returns, whenever the Ruler of heaven and earth sees fit to sever the brittle thread of his earthly existence.

THE AUGUSTA DAM.—The Journal states that this property has recently been sold to a company of gentlemen in Boston, who will immediately make improvements upon it, and turn it to some good purpose. We understand that the purchasers paid in the neighborhood of seventy-five thousand dollars for it. We should be happy to see this water-power earn what it might with ease, if it only had a few mills and factories to keep in motion. If it should prove firm and stable a year or two longer, we opine that something would be done here of no small importance to the growth and prosperity of the village and vicinity. The Kennebec is something of a stream to dam up and check in its course, but when that is accomplished, as at this place, it has power enough to carry all the machinery (we were about to say in christendom) necessary to build up a mighty manufacturing town, or city.

A SWIFT ONE.—Speaking of speedy horses, Mr. — said that his old "Kate" would out-travel any horse-flesh that could be produced. Being asked how fast the animal could get over the ground, he said he could not tell exactly, as he had never timed her speed. But to give the company a fair idea of her fleetness, he would state that a few days previous, being some fourteen miles from home, and as he had just started homeward, a shower came up and soon overtook him. The moment the rain struck the hind part of the wagon, that moment he struck old "Kate" on the rump, and away she went with such velocity that the rain did not reach him on the seat! and it poured down so hard that before he reached his destination, the wagon-body was filled with water! We have heard him tell this story time and again, and he has repeated it so often that he now believes it to be true. We never disputed it!

THE KENNEBEC.—There has been quite a freshet in the Kennebec for five or six days past. The water has been over all our wharves, which put a stop to the loading and unloading of vessels. This rise of the water was caused by the melting of the snowdrift above us, where it is said to have been, on April 17, five feet in depth; and had this been accompanied by a heavy fall of rain, the river would probably have been quite as high and troublesome as it was during the great freshet of 1832. The dam has stood the freshet well, and with the exception of one or two days, boats and rafts have been admitted through the lock.

APPOINTMENTS.—Dr. Ainos Nourse, of Hallowell, has been appointed Collector of the port of Bath, in place of Alfred J. Stone, of Brunswick, removed.

Rev. Nathan Fletcher, (Universalist,) of Thomaston, has received the appointment of Chaplain in the Navy.

A gentleman from Washington informs the editor of the Boston Courier, that Gorham Parks, of Bangor, has received the appointment of Consul at Rio Janeiro; and that Virgil D. Parris is to remain as Marshal of Maine, rumor to the contrary notwithstanding.

Dr. Micajah Hawkes has received the appointment of Surveyor of the port of Passamaquoddy, vice Dr. Whipple, removed.

William Brown has been appointed Collector of the port of Machias, vice W. B. Smith.

M. L. Lowmyer has received the appointment of Collector of Belfast, vice Benjamin Wiggins, removed.

Henry S. Jones has been appointed Collector of Frenchman's Bay District.

John McArthur, P. M. of Brooks, vice Woodbury Davis, resigned.

W. V. Bowen, P. M. at Addison Point, vice Wm. Nash, resigned.

J. F. Moreen has been appointed keeper of Pond Island light.

E. B. WASHBURN, Esq., formerly of this State, writing to the editors of the Kennebec Journal, from Galena, Ill., under date of April 10, says:

A young man by the name of Joseph A. Wyman, died at the New Digging, Wisconsin Territory, eleven miles from this city, on the 2d of this month, from the effects of eating wild parsnip. He represented himself as a native of Maine, and a graduate of Bowdoin College in 1840. I understand that he has been in the country some two or three years, and has followed the occupation of a digger. His partner in digging says that he had no communication with his friends, and there was not a scrap of anything found upon his person or in his trunk giving any clue to his history. Wyman is a common name in Maine, and by noticing this matter in some paper it might be ascertained who his friends are, and they could ascertain his fate.

E. K. Smart, has been appointed Post Master at Camden, vice Hiram Bass, removed.

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Caledonia.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Caledonia arrived on Monday night, the 21st, about 11 o'clock, in sixteen days later than those received by the Great Western. The Caledonia was detained one day for the purpose of giving the debate and the Oregon question. We copy from the Worcester & Smith's Times of the 5th.—[Massachusetts Pioneer.]

In our papers by the "Great Western," we mentioned that the Oregon question was becoming one of great interest on this side of the water. Attention has been fixed upon it, in consequence of the bold and unequivocal tone that Mr. Polk assumed in his Inaugural Address, when speaking of the American claim. Perhaps the President's dictum on this point was unnecessarily strong, for he might have vindicated his views in a more palatable phraseology. About whatever avowed, even remotely, of intimidation, John Bull is characteristically thin-skinned. There are some animals that may be led, but won't be driven.—Bull is one of them. In his intercourse with foreigners, he prides himself upon his courtesy, and he expects the same courtesy in return. The New President's peremptory style has stirred up his bile, and the House of Commons has hardly re-assembled after the Easter recess, when Lord John Russell rose, and gave notice of his intention of bringing the Oregon question before the House. The mooted point has been analyzed in the press, and we direct the especial attention of our readers to an article on this subject from the London Times. The most powerful of all the daily press in its influence on the public mind, and possessing a control over public opinion, which makes it the master, not the slave, of the minister, for the time being—this great Journal has put forth, in the article to which we refer, some very belated notions on the subject of the Oregon—promptly, mainly, it would appear, by the threat of occupancy which the President holds out.

The Times is not the official organ of the government—it is too potent and independent to wear the livery of servitude; but there are occasions when the views of the cabinet do peep out through its pages in advance of its contemporaries. The Foreign Minister is a favorite with the Times, and probably Lord Aberdeen reciprocates the feeling by timely intimations of his policy. Be that as it may, the article has attracted a good deal of notice, and fixed additional attention upon the subject, which has been further increased by the government retaining the steamer to carry out the result of last night's debate.

From the London Times of March 31.

The question arising out of the conflicting claims of this country and the United States to the Oregon territory is essentially different from all the ordinary topics connected with our foreign political relations, and it involves the most serious consequences to both countries and the world. It is, upon the whole, a fortunate circumstance, and in these days, we are glad to add, an honorable distinction of the people of this country, that are accustomed to watch the vicissitudes of affairs abroad without passion and without apprehension, confiding in the vigilance of our own Government for the protection of British interests, but caring very little for the onerous and unprofitable kind of ascendancy which is to be acquired by eager meddling in foreign affairs. The first which the plain common sense of England would read to a minister is to abstain from committing the country by an indirect solicitude in managing matters which success brings with it no reward, and defeat entails humiliation and danger.

There is no real danger, in spite of the language of a cabinet like that of the United States, or the unnatural vituperation of opposition papers at home, that the moderation of England should be mistaken for the want of power, or the tranquil dignity of her language for a sacrifice of her rights. If the language of the American President is intended to convey more than an empty threat such an aggression is contemplated by the Cabinet which has just been formed at Washington. Mr. Polk announces his conviction that the American title to the country of the Oregon is clear and unquestionable, and that his fellow-citizens are already preparing to perfect a title by occupying it with their wives and children. This patriarchal mode of giving up into this new land of Goshen is certainly no violation of the existing treaty; but when the President goes on to speak of "the jurisdiction of our laws, the benefits of our republican institutions, and the formation of States in that part of our territory within the sphere of our federal Union," he misinterprets the true nature of our agreement on the subject.

The case may be stated in a very few words.—When the dispute, which arose in 1793, between Great Britain and Spain, with regard to the possession of Nootka Sound, and the right to make settlements on the northwest coast of America was amicably terminated by the treaty of 1794, the state of that remote region rendered such an arrangement practicable.

It is contended on the part of the United States, that the treaty of the Ecumoral was abrogated by the declaration of war between Spain and Great Britain in 1796, and that it was never renewed; inasmuch that when Spain ceded to the United States all her titles to land north of the forty-second parallel of latitude, by the treaty of Florida, signed in 1819, she ceded those titles, not as limited as a treaty by the treaty of 1794, but as they existed before that treaty. The argument is bad, for the treaty of the Ecumoral, being in the nature of a convention declaratory of existing rights, was clearly not liable to be abrogated by a subsequent declaration of war, and was certainly held to be in force by both Spain and Great Britain, after cessation of their hostilities. But this American argument would rather strengthen than diminish the British claim, for the treaty of the Ecumoral was a compromise, and if it be held to be null and void, then the British right becomes absolute as they were before it existed. The main point, however, on which we would now insist is, that this, and every other arrangement since made with the United States, was essentially temporary in its nature.

Joint occupancy is only possible as no real sovereignty is exercised. Indeed, in the course of the negotiations between the two governments in 1827, the British Commissioners proposed that the convention of 1818 should be renewed for a term, with the condition that neither of the contracting parties should assume or exercise any right of exclusive sovereignty or dominion over any part of the said country. This suggestion was rejected by Mr. Gallatin. Each party, then, retains an unquestionable right of making settlements, and even of exercising what is called sovereignty, in the Oregon territory; but it is evident that as soon as both parties proceed to exercise rights, which exclude each other in practice, a collision must ensue. The time is come when a temporary arrangement has ceased to be possible or secure; but a temporary arrangement can only be terminated in two ways—either by a convention settling the disputed amount of territory and drawing a fixed boundary, or by a recurrence to that state of things to which force alone can decide between two absolute claimants.

THE CALEDONIA'S MAILS. The Caledonia brought out the first of the Canada mails under the new arrangement. They consisted of eight sheet iron boxes of letters, and forty-two bags of newspapers, and under the direction of the agent who came out with them, they were conveyed over the railroad to Concord, N. H., yesterday forenoon, from whence they will be taken to Canada by the way of Burlington.

The steamer also brought thirty thousand letters and twenty-six bags of newspapers for distribution in the United States. All the mail matter bound south and west was forwarded by the early morning trains over the Long Island and Western Railroads. [Boston Courier.]

"Black stockings of all colors" were lately advertised in a country newspaper.

Late from Mexico.
The steamer Alabama, arriving at New Orleans from Havana, brings late intelligence from Mexico, brought by the British packet from Vera Cruz.

We submit such particulars of Mexican affairs as we find in our Havana exchanges. They are of great importance, and are nearly a week later than we have received direct. Gen. Almonte's communication of the passage of the measure of annexation, though not unexpected, produced very considerable excitement in the capital. On the 22d of March, Senor Cuevas, the present Minister of Foreign Relations, addressed a circular to the Governors of the different Departments, in which he announces this intelligence. He goes on to say that the Executive Government and the Chambers are occupied with the discussion of the grave interests involved in the question. He appeals to the patriotism of the authorities of the Departments and all their citizens, to forget all divisions, and to stand by the President, and co-operate with him in defence of the rights and the honor of the nation. He promises to communicate promptly to the different Departments the measures which may be resolved upon at the capital.

Upon the reception of official notification of the passage of the Annexation resolutions, a very stormy session was held in the House of Deputies, during which propositions of a hostile character were submitted and canvassed, without, however, any decisive vote being taken thereon. The policy of issuing letters of marque was brought up in this debate.

El Siglo (of Mexico) on the 29th ult. contains a letter from the Minister of Foreign Affairs (Cuevas) to Mr. Shannon, United States Minister at Mexico, informing him that the Government was in possession of the knowledge of the passage of the annexation resolutions, and that diplomatic relations between the two countries were suspended on that account. The same day a note was addressed, by the Mexican Cabinet to the Ministers of Spain, France, and England, protesting against the proceedings of the United States in relation to Texas.

The Bulletin says:—At a secret session of the House, it was proposed to suspend all communication with the United States; to prohibit the introduction of her cotton and manufactures, and issue letters of marque. The proposition, however, was not definitely acted on; and no steps appear to have been taken beyond sending protests to the representatives of England and France, and an address to the Governors of Departments, advising them to be prepared for whatever contingency might arise.

The Siglo consoles itself with the idea that Texas may not accept the resolutions.

Several very severe shocks of an earthquake were felt in both Vera Cruz and Oaxaca; they commenced at nine in the morning and lasted until half past five in the evening.

Mr. J. P. Schatzel has been recognized as American Consul at Matamoros.—[N. O. Picayune.

SANTA ANNA. The late information in regard to the fallen dictator, is as follows:

Santa Anna still remained a prisoner at Perote, awaiting the action of the judges. The terms of his release were not yet determined. It is not considered probable that, under the pretence of prosecuting a war with the United States, he may yet be invested with the command of the army and through that means reinstate himself in power. On the 24th February, the Grand Jury and both branches of Congress presented formal articles of accusation against him. His written defence had been sent before the Grand Jury, insolent in its tone, and bold and haughty in its defiance,—the language rather of a dictator than a prisoner, and in such striking contrast to the humble tone of his previous letters, as to warrant the belief that Santa Anna expects to be restored to liberty and power.

No absolute judgment had been pronounced upon him; but a joint Commission of the two Houses had refused his request to be allowed to abdicate the Presidency and to leave the Republic. The difficulty with the prosecuting officers, appears to be, under what character to proceed against him, he having acted under the orders of Canizales during the critical events of the revolution, as a simple General of Division. The Generals and chiefs who accompanied Santa Anna in his last struggle against the Government, have been ordered to Puebla to be tried there.

Later, The Congress, constituted in a grand jury, have bro't in a true bill against Santa Anna, and his trial is going on with all haste. The general opinion is that he will be condemned to death. Gen. Reyes, his minister of war, has been condemned to a loss of his grade and imprisonment for ten years, for signing the order which placed Santa Anna in command of the troops which marched against Paredes, and which followed Santa Anna to the last.

Gen. Canizales will be also condemned to death, beyond any doubt; and Gen. Basadre, minister of war after Reyes, will no doubt share the same fate as his predecessor.

A Federal form of government will no doubt shortly prove to be the result of this last revolution unless Texas matters should interrupt things.

ORANGE EXTERMINATION. We understand that a large number of companies are engaged at Independence preparatory to their emigration to Oregon. There are two separate companies organized, and they will start about the 20th of April. They number about one thousand persons, and have a good supply of wagons and animals. All the houses in Independence were filled, and a large number were encamped in tents in the vicinity.

At St. Joseph, in the Platte country, there was another large company, with about 220 wagons.—They expected to start about the same time as the company from Independence.

Another company, with about thirty-five wagons, was assembled at another point on the river.

It was supposed that considerable accessions would be made to these companies before their departure.

Lieut. Fremont is about to start on another exploring expedition beyond the mountains, and 150 young men were at Independence engaged to go with him. They were furnished with mules, and equipped for their journey. The rush of emigration beyond the Rocky mountains will be very great, and those who expect to join the company should repair to the frontier immediately. The companies are very particular to preserve the character of the expedition. No person is permitted to join an emigrating company until he has undergone an examination, and if he be a criminal, a refugee from justice, or a man of infamous character, he is excluded. [St. Louis News, Apr. 15th.

PHILADELPHIA. The police affairs of Philadelphia appear to be badly regulated. The Philadelphia papers of the 21st ult. contain the following paragraphs:

Shocking state of affairs. From all appearance a system of burking is now being carried on in our city, which is unparalleled in the history of this or any other country.

A few days ago we recorded the sudden disappearance of Mr. Wildash, from Wayne co., and now are called upon to state another case of similar nature. Mr. John T. Kirk, who came to this city from Wilmington, on business, on Saturday evening, a week since, left the house of Wm. A. Ginder, in Southwark, to go to Jenk's foundry in Kensington, and since then has never been heard of. He was known to have about \$700 with him.

Serious riot. Yesterday afternoon a fight of the most disgraceful character occurred in the neighborhood of South and Eighth streets. Several persons were injured. The police succeeded in taking three of the rioters, who were confined in the watch-house.

NAVAL. The U. S. steam frigate Princeton, Capt. R. F. Stockton, left Philadelphia about 10 o'clock on Monday, for Norfolk.

In noticing the report from Jamaica, of the loss of United States schooner of war on the coast of St. Blas, we have fears that there may be some cause for the rumor, as the U. S. schooner Shark is on the Pacific station, and may have met with some accident while cruising on the coast of Mexico, off St. Blas. She is the only United States man of war schooner now employed in the Pacific Ocean. [U. S. Gazette.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN ROXBURY.—Webber's extensive ropewalk establishment in Roxbury was destroyed by fire yesterday, with all its contents. The fire occurred about a quarter past one o'clock, and was occasioned by the bursting of the steam boiler, and the flames spread over the loose cotton and hemp with the rapidity of lightning. Five small houses immediately adjoining the ropewalk, and inhabited by Irishmen who worked in the walk, and their families, caught fire and were also consumed. One of these was a two-story tenement, and we learn that it was the first which caught from the ropewalk, the flames communicating to the lower part, and it was also rumored that a woman and two children who were in the attic, had not time to escape, and were buried to death. We hope that the report may prove untrue. We have not learned the amount of loss.—[Boston Courier.

FIREMAN SHOT.—A bricklayer named John Burns, about twenty-five years of age, was shot from a house at the corner of Broad and Fitzwater streets, Monday morning, about ten o'clock, on Saturday night, and died at the Pennsylvania Hospital yesterday afternoon, at two o'clock. A disturbance created by a party of ruffians, who infested the neighborhood, led to the murder. Five Irishmen who were in the house out of which the gun was fired were arrested and have been committed. Burns was a member of the Franklin Hose Company, and some months ago pardoned by Governor Porter out of the penitentiary, where he had been sent by the Criminal Court for fire rioting. He leaves a wife. The occurrence created much excitement. The inmates of the house, named Patrick Ragan, Sylvester Phillips, John Breese, James Key, and Archibald Mulholland, were arrested and committed.—[Philadelphia paper.

FATAL AFFAIR.—On Monday, the 31st ult., John B. Hixon was shot dead a short distance from Benton, Miss., by his father-in-law, Lewis Lott. Hixon, it seems, had maltreated his wife, who had sought refuge in his father's house, when Hixon was forbidden to enter, in consequence of which he sought violence upon the persons of his wife, Mr. Lott, and other members of his family. Accordingly, on that day, he rode to Mr. Lott's house, armed with a loaded gun, and demanded his child, and told the inmates that unless his request was complied with he would put his threats into execution, at the same time attempting to ride his horse into the house, when, upon his refusal to desist, at Mr. Lott immediately delivered himself up to the officers of justice, was tried and acquitted.

MISSING PACKETS.—We learn from Captain Spain, of the U. S. frigate Norman, that on his outward passage from New Orleans to Liverpool, on the 12th, 13th and 14th of December, he experienced the hurricane which the packets United States and England were supposed to have been lost in. He never experienced anything like it before, and his vessel received a good deal of damage. On the 19th or 20th, lat. 50, lon. 35, passed several pieces of a wreck, a long skylight, booby latches, pieces of boards painted white, &c.—such articles as would have belonged to a packet ship, and Captain Spain has no doubt that they belonged to one of the missing packets.—[N. Y. Express.

Measure Gerrish & Edwards.—In the last report of the Commissioner of Patents, in connection with other valuable matter, I find the following, which would seem to throw some light upon the benefits to be anticipated from our contemplated Rail Road.

The Commissioner of Patents, having addressed a line to the collector of customs, at Cleveland, Ohio, received the following reply:

"Our wheat can be carried to Canada and manufactured into flour, and taken to England under the Canadian duty. One Hundred bushels, shipped during the last summer and fall 36,000 bushels of wheat, which was ground at St. Catherine, on the Welland Canal, and shipped to London under contract.

[See Report of Commissioner of Patents, page 400. Portland Advertiser.

THE END OF CHADORE.—The "deposits" are exhausted, the "bank" is broken, and "no effects" is the answer returned to every ship which now visits the island. We saw a letter, yesterday, written from Chadore, on the 1st ult., by a ship captain. He has not been able, he said, to raise a single ounce of money.—[Glasgow Herald.]

We are informed that the merchants of this city are already availing themselves of the benefits of the law, passed at the late session of Congress, allowing a drawback on merchandise exported to the adjoining British Provinces.

Boston will reap great advantages from the law, as it is supposed much merchandise will be imported, with the intention of being exported to the Provinces, thus opening an entire new branch of trade.—[Boston Adv.

DEATH.—We regret to announce the death of Hazen Mitchell, Esq., a most highly esteemed fellow citizen. He had been ill for some months. Mr. Mitchell was an excellent citizen—a gentleman in the true sense of the word and one entirely devoid of ostentation.—[Bangor Mercury.

ALL READY. While the rumors of war between Mexico and the United States are borne upon every southern breeze, it would be criminal as well as foolish for our Executive to send to distant seas, squadrons ready for service, and leave the key to the American continent, the Gulf of Mexico, unprotected.—We rejoice, therefore, to learn, unofficially, that our great battle ships are accidentally in position to repel invaders and chastise pirates, and we should not be surprised if they should continue in those positions until the questions of annexation, and of the payment of the debts due the United States, on the part of Mexico, are settled. [Madisonian.

A London paper announces that trains will shortly be started to accomplish the distance between Liverpool and London, 204 miles, in six hours, being at the rate of 34 miles an hour. The Great Western already runs between London and Bristol, 118 miles, in four hours. The Brighton also runs at an average of 30 miles an hour, and it is a short time the London and Birmingham will travel between London and Birmingham in three hours.

It is proposed also to reduce the rates of fare at the time when the intended acceleration of speed commences.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
The following are the officers of Central Division, No. 5, of Hallowell, for the current term:

Ariel Wall, W. P.;
N. B. Perkins, W. A.;
D. P. Livermore, A. R. S.;
Thomas Howe, A. R. S.;
A. F. Palmer, F. S.;
Mark Johnson, T.;
W. A. Dunn, C.;
John Richards, A. C.;
Joseph S. Clark, I. S.;
John T. Boynton, O. S.

The following are the officers of Dexter Division, No. 6:

Lymon Foss, W. P.;
Charles Crockett, W. A.;
N. B. Folsom, Jr., R. S.;
William Morgan, A. R. S.;
Orris Cutter, F. S.;
James Martin, T.;
George Fitzgerald, C.;
Andrew C. Winslow, A. C.;
James C. Bates, I. S.;
Jabez B. Buwal, O. S.

APPLICATIONS FOR CHARTERS. All applications for charters of new Divisions within the State of Maine, should be made to Ariel Wall, G. S., Augusta. If made by letter, should be post paid.—The following is the

FORM OF APPLICATION.
"The undersigned, inhabitants of —, believing the Order of the Sons of Temperance to be well calculated to extend the blessings of Total Abstinence and promote the general welfare of mankind, respectfully petition the Grand Division of the State of Maine to grant them a Charter to open a new Division, to be called the — Division No. —, Sons of Temperance, of the State of Maine, to be located in — and under your jurisdiction.

"We pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to be governed by the Rules and Usages of said Grand Division, and also by those of the National Division of the United States. Enclosed is the Charter Fee, \$5."

It must also be stated whether the applicants be members of the Order or not—if they are, of what Division. To be directed to the Grand Scribe, free of postage.

The Division located in this town meets every Wednesday evening; those of Hallowell and Gardiner, every Tuesday evening.

Boston Flour and Grain Market, April 26.
Flour—Genesee \$4.57 1/2 for good common brands; Troy \$4.75 per bbl. 1000 lbs. Ohio, \$4.75; St. Louis, \$4.75 cash. Georgetown common at \$5. Corn Meal at \$2.56 1/2 bbl.

Grain—Good, medium yellow flint, 50 @ 52c; white, 47 @ 48c; superior red and white, 54 @ 55c. Prime heavy Oats continue scarce, sales Southern common 32c; Northern 34.

Brighton Market, April 21.
At Market, 580 Beef Cattle, 15 pairs of Working Oxen, 300 Sheep, and 22 Swine.

Poultry—Beef Cattle.—A few extra \$6; first quality \$5.50; second quality \$5.25 to \$5.50; third quality \$4.50 to \$5.

Working Oxen.—Sales at \$65 to \$88.

Sheep.—A lot sheared \$4.75; a lot not sheared \$4.75 to \$5.

Swine.—Lots to peddle \$4 for Sows, and \$4 1/2 for Barrows; old Hogs, selected, \$4 1/2 to \$5.

Hyemical.
Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwell no joy in Eden's rose bowers!
The world was not his home, nor his the world;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—'ill woman smil'd!

In this town, by Loring Cushing, Esq., Mr. McCobb Cushing to Miss Mary M. Whittier, of Readfield, in Hallowell, by Rev. Mr. Folger, Mr. Owen Francis, to Mrs. Sarah P. Tryon.

In East Livermore, Mr. James N. Diggins of Wayne, to Miss Lucinda L. Young.

In Bath, Mr. William Kins of Westport, to Miss Roxana Tibbets.

In Bloomfield, Mr. Eleazer Coburn to Miss Eleanor Emery.

In Portland, Rev. George L. Prentiss of New Bedford, Mass., to Miss Elizabeth Payson.

In Bangor, Mr. Valentine S. Palmer to Miss Margaret E. Bulge, both of Maine.

In Beverly, Mr. Nathaniel Friend, a Revolutionary soldier, aged 81 years, to Mrs. Mary Smith. To the bride "One Friend old is worth a hundred new."

Obituary.
Spirit's labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is o'er,
Thy steps are now for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortal begun.

In this town, March 31st, Louisa E. Dennis, aged 7 years, daughter of Mrs. Mary R. Dennis; on the 19th ult. Mrs. Mary B. Dennis, mother of Louisa E. Dennis, also deceased.

In Gardiner, Mr. David L. Davis, aged 34 years; Margaret Warren, aged 75 years.

In Waterville, Mrs. Caroline Isabella, wife of Mr. Samuel Ayer, aged 22 years.

In Portland, Mr. Peter H. Eldridge, aged 45 years; Maria S., daughter of Joseph Swift, Esq., aged 29 years.

In Saco, Mr. Major William Valentine, aged 72 years.

At the N. H. State Prison, 17th ult., Mr. Hiram D. Freeman, aged about 30 years. Born in Monmouth, Me. Committed for passing counterfeit Bank Bills—from Hillsborough Co., Oct. 1842; sentence 3 years.

Drowned, in Rumford, Me., on the 17th ult., Josiah W., son of Mr. Alvin B. B. of Canton, aged 19 years and 9 months. He, with a young man by the name of Putnam, was attempting to cross the Androscoggin river, which was open only one side, about four rods in width. They started from the shore in a very small boat, (the only one at the ferry,) with the intention of landing on the ice, to cross over. But as the fore part of the boat struck the ice the aft part plunging them both into a rapid current. Putnam being a swimmer, with difficulty gained the shore, but Deane being unable to swim, tried to save himself by the boat; but it being so light and the current so swift, it gave him little support, finally losing his hold he sank, and was drowned. His body was found in about two hours. He had resided in the family of Jeremiah Hall, in Rumford, for more than two years; and by an exceedingly pleasant and amiable disposition, had endeared himself, not only to that family, but to the whole neighborhood in which he resided. By Mr. H. and his family, he was loved as a son and a brother, and as such he will long be remembered and lamented, and by the neighborhood he will not soon be forgotten.

Will not ferryman take warning, and supply their ferries with suitable boats?

Papers in Maine please copy. I. P.

PUMPS! PUMPS!
We have this day received a further supply of the celebrated "Douglas Pumps," which we will warrant superior to any pump now in use, and which we offer to purchasers at extremely low prices.

April 24. FAIRBANKS & EVELETH.

Worcester Plows.
THE subscribers have just received a complete assortment of grain, wood and seed plows, from the manufacturers of the best quality. Plows, Nourse & Mason, which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms.

Prices—From \$5.50 to \$15.

JOHN MEANS & SON.

COFFINS.
MOSES WELLS, at No. 7, Bridge's Block, has on hand, and intends to have on hand, large and small. They will be fitted as desired, and plates furnished at short notice. This will be a great convenience for those who have to send from three to six miles for them as they frequently do. Mahogany Coffins will be made at the shortest notice possible. Also, constantly for sale a general assortment of FURNITURE AND CHAIRS.

Among which are some elegant sofas and bedsteads, equal, if not superior, to any in the county. Bureaus, work and other tables, crabs, cradles, bedsteads, and most other articles in the furniture line. All in want are respectfully invited to call.

Augusta, April 26, 1845. SMIS

People's Line—1845.
Kennebec and Boston Steam Packet Company,
Steamer JOHN MARSHALL,
ANDREW BROWN, MASTER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extraordinary efforts to prevent it, this Company are happy to inform the public that they have at last succeeded in purchasing the last sailing, equipped and cargoed Steamer John Marshall, a first rate boat built at Baltimore, of the best materials, and "as strong as wood, iron and copper could make her." She is entirely new, having run but a few trips since she was brought upon this route. Not having her machinery placed on her deck, she is remarkably stiff and upright in all her movements, and in point of speed not excelled by any boat in the United States. She was designed for a sea route, and the trial of her proves her peculiarly fitted for such a route—buoyant—safe. Of Capt. Andrew Brown, her gentlemanly and experienced Commander, and Capt. Charles H. Beck, her Pilot, nothing need be said in way of commendation, as both of them have been favorite Packet Masters between Kennebec and Boston for many years, and know the coast and river with the familiarity of an old regular.

The John Marshall will leave Hallowell every Monday and Thursday at half past 2, Gardiner at 3 and Bath at 6 o'clock P. M.

Returning will leave Long Wharf, Boston, for Bath, Richmond, Gardiner and Hallowell, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock P. M. Stages will be in readiness on her arrival to take passengers to Augusta, and into all the surrounding towns and to Bangor, and twice a week to Quebec.

The Company will not hold themselves responsible for money, in packages or otherwise, sent by any officer of the Boat.

As the New Line was got up for the benefit of the people, it is hoped the people will give it a fair share of patronage.

April 29, 1845.

People's Line—Steamer John Marshall.
No Racing.
At a meeting of the Directors of the Kennebec and Boston Steam Packet Company, April 28, 1845, Resolved, That the Captain of the New Steamer, JOHN MARSHALL, be directed under no circumstances to allow any racing of this Boat; and he is moreover directed not to permit even any accumulation of speed in order to outdo any other Boat, but at all times to show by his management of the Boat that the safety and convenience of the passengers are considerations admitting of no compromise.

JOHN JEWETT, President.
WILLIAM BRADSTREET, GLENVIEW WHITE, SAMUEL WATTS, Directors.

The following is one of the By-Laws of the Corporation: ARTICLE 7. No intoxicating drinks shall be furnished to the persons employed on board of any steamer run by this Company, nor shall any such drinks be sold to passengers, but the Steward shall keep it in such quantities as may be necessary for use as medicine, and furnish it to passengers and others, only in case of sickness.

IRON & STEEL.
JUST received, per scho. Hydaspas from New York, Thirty Tons English and Swedish Bar Iron. ALSO, a general assortment of shapes, plates and spike rods, round refined iron, all sizes, &c. &c. German, Swedish, spring, and cast STEEL, of the most approved brands, for sale by the ton, or at retail, at Boston prices. FAIRBANKS & EVELETH, No. 4, Phoenix Building, April 24. 18

Nails, Glass, &c.
Casks Weymouth and Boston cut nails. 10c English wrought. 100 boxes German and Amer. window glass. 15 @ 6c. 25 @ 5c. 50 @ 4c. 100 @ 3c. 200 @ 2c. 500 @ 1c. 1000 @ 1/2c. 2000 @ 1/4c. 5000 @ 1/8c. 10000 @ 1/16c. 20000 @ 1/32c. 50000 @ 1/64c. 100000 @ 1/128c. 200000 @ 1/256c. 500000 @ 1/512c. 1000000 @ 1/1024c. 2000000 @ 1/2048c. 5000000 @ 1/4096c. 10000000 @ 1/8192c. 20000000 @ 1/16384c. 50000000 @ 1/32768c. 100000000 @ 1/65536c. 200000000 @ 1/131072c. 500000000 @ 1/262144c. 1000000000 @ 1/524288c. 2000000000 @ 1/1048576c. 5000000000 @ 1/2097152c. 10000000000 @ 1/4194304c. 20000000000 @ 1/8388608c. 50000000000 @ 1/16777216c. 100000000000 @ 1/33554432c. 200000000000 @ 1/67108864c. 500000000000 @ 1/134217728c. 1000000000000 @ 1/268435456c. 2000000000000 @ 1/536870912c. 5000000000000 @ 1/1073741824c. 10000000000000 @ 1/2147483648c. 20000000000000 @ 1/4294967296c. 50000000000000 @ 1/8589934592c. 100000000000000 @ 1/17179869184c. 200000000000000 @ 1/34359738368c. 500000000000000 @ 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The Muse.

Good Night.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Good night, my father dear!
Thou com'st from the labor full weary and worn,
But peaceful and calm in the cottage's slumber,
No care for the morrow thy dreams shall encumber,
But, till the lark shall arouse thee at morn,
Good night!

Good night, my mother dear!
Thy lullaby has oft my sorrows beguiled—
Now may our God have thee in his good keeping,
Angels watch over thee while thou art sleeping,
Soothed to repose by the voice of thy child—
Good night!

Good night, brother mine!
Soft be thy rest, as if pillowed on flowers;
Sleeping or waking, God keep thee from sorrow!
Sweet is their parting who meet on the morrow;
Ever, dear brother, such parting be ours!
Good night!

Good night, sister sweet!
Thou hast been with the flowers at play;
He who thy couch, for thy eye lids are winking;
And where the moon so to rest she is sinking,
Smiles on my sister, and seemeth to say—
Good night!

Good night, beloved one!
Bright be the visions sleep bringeth to thee—
Heaven shield thee from ill till the night hours are over,
All gentle spirits above thy rest hover,
Whispering ever, beloved of me,
Good night!

Good night, dear ones all!
No heart feeleth sad that we part for a while;
Then at our last parting, oh! let us not sorrow,
Since we know, dearest friends, we shall meet on the morrow;
But as life's evening closes, we repeat with a smile,
Good night!

The Story Teller.

From the Portland Transcript.

The Rescue.

A Tale of the Woods of Maine.

BY CHARLES F. LEELEY.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER IV.

As the young men stood side by side gazing thoughtfully on the rippling stream, a hand was laid on the shoulder of each, and a low voice whispered in their ear.

"Hush, not a word! They are there—follow me."

Turning, they followed the scout, who crept softly up the stream until they reached the outlet of the pond, when, stealing round a jutting crag which effectually concealed them from the opposite shore, they halted, and in a subdued tone the scout related his discoveries.

"I have been among the serpents, and had it not been for the gals' safety I would have crushed one of the reptiles, for I had him on my mercy. It was a sore temptation, I tell you. There are but five of them, the rest have not arrived, or have gone on to some other dirty-trail. I saw the gals, too, and they seemed to be in pretty good case. Ah! that Kate is a bright one!"

"Did you speak to her?" asked Sands, with a feeling and tone of deep interest.

"Speak to her!—that would have been no easy matter, youngster, with two of the varmints within earshot. No, no, Hunting Joe is not a gossiping old woman—he is too old to run his head in such a trap!"

"But you contrived to let her know that friends were at hand?" rejoined Smith.

"Speak low, boy, the red skins have quick ears, and sound travels peck-y far and fast in a still night like this. Deaf in the world and dumb in the woods is a maxim I learnt early in life. Yes, I let 'em know that the old scout was on their trail."

"How did you manage it?" asked Smith.

"Wal, if you must know, and as we have a little time to spare, I'll tell ye." He then went on to state, that, after creeping through the woods and finding out that the Indians were there, and the position of the captives, he stole round to a clump of bushes directly behind a small knoll on which they were seated.

"When I got there," said he, "I was within a few feet of them; but 'twas a dangerous job to attract their attention, for I could see the dark reptiles coiled round in the open space in front, ready for a spring. The shaking of a limb or the snapping of a twig would have aroused them. I had the comb you found, with me, and by a slight throw I tossed it into Kate's lap."

"It struck the gal's hand, and I expected her surprise would give the alarm, but except a slight start, she showed not the least concern. Bending down her head she whispered a word or two to her sister, and then secretly made a sign, giving me to understand that all was right. Ah, she is a quick-witted critter, that gal," added the scout in conclusion, "and I'll save her if I die for't."

"Well, what plan have you fixed upon?" asked one of the young men, as he concluded his narration.

The old man remained silent for a while, as if revolving the matter in his mind.

"It is a risky business—but I don't see as we can do better," he at last said, as if speaking to himself. "If you were as well acquainted with the woods as I am," he continued, addressing his companions, "we might creep among the enemy and take them by surprise, for they seem to be unsuspicious of an attack. But there's too much at stake, for if they should be alarmed the gals would be tomahawked to a dead-starter. It is my opinion that they will stay where they be to-night, and start early in the morning up the lake, and I detected three canoes hid among the bushes. Now, what I think on is this—to get possession of their canoes—destroy one, let you have the second to bring off the young women in, and I will take the other to act as sarcumstances may turn up."

"When shall we start?" asked Sands.

"It's about time to be moving, I s'pose," said the scout, "the moon will be up in two or three hours, and we must get them out of their clutches before then."

So saying, he commenced stripping off his garments, adding— "To save a long tramp, I must take to the water. You will stay here till I come back. Don't move about, and if you must talk, speak in whispers, for the slightest noise might betray us."

With this caution, having laid aside his garments, he entered the water, and in a moment was lost to sight, as he swam rapidly but noiselessly away, leaving scarcely a ripple in his wake.

CHAPTER V.

The distance to the opposite shore was, perhaps, an eighth of a mile. With long, slow strokes the scout urged his way through the placid waters, his head low to the surface—at

times floating motionless, while his certain glance and quick ear were on the alert—then propelling himself along with renewed caution, until he approached the opposite bank, which rose somewhat abruptly, covered with a dense growth of tall bushes. Gliding into their deep shadows, he soon found the object of his search.

It required all the cunning and adroitness he was master of, after he had reached his prizes to launch them in the water, fasten them together and tow them from the neighborhood. Having got them afloat, he fastened them in a line, and hugging the deep shadows cast by the overhanging foliage, he went some distance up before he shot out into the bosom of the lake. Dipping his paddle so as not to disturb the quiet of the water, and crouching low in the canoe, he finally succeeded in transferring his prizes in safety to the spot where his young partisans were anxiously awaiting the issue of the adventure.

"Privateersmen talk of cutting out craft from under the guns of an enemy," said the scout, in a jocular tone, as he deliberately ran his knife through the frail material of one of his prizes, which he had taken on shore, gashing large holes in various parts of its bottom, "can they boast of a better cutting out than this?" and he gave the finishing stroke to his work of destruction.

"Now boys," he added, "see to your primings—shake out the old ones, for the deus may have dampened the powder and a flash in the pan may prove your death."

Having made every necessary arrangement in regard to their proceedings, the arms were deposited in the canoes, ready for use at a moment's warning, and they embarked, the scout taking the lead.

"Follow me," said he, "and be careful of your paddles when you cross the pond. For the present we must drag ourselves along a piece under the shelter of these bushes. Don't hurry—move coolly and deliberately, and when you move the branches, mind and not let them jerk back, but slip gently out of your hand."

With these whispered cautions the scout forced his canoe close in with the bushes, dragging it carefully along and followed by the young men, who were admonished from time to time by expressive signals to be on their guard. For a long distance they proceeded in this manner, and so adroitly did the old man make his way, that scarcely the motion of a twig or the rustling of a leaf betrayed his movements.

When he at last reached what he considered a safe distance, he struck out into the lake with his paddle, and ere long, with his companions, reached the shelter of the foliage of the opposite side. Abandoning the paddles, they adopted the same method as at first, and by the aid of the pendant branches and the long grass, which in the occasional openings grew luxuriously to the water's edge, they forced their light barks along.

At one of these openings, where the land sloped gradually to the lake, and at a short distance from the outlet, they stopped, and a brief consultation ensued.

"You will remain here," said the scout to Smith, "while your companion will go part the way with me to lead the gals to the place. When you get them on board, don't be flustered. Bid them sit still, for these bark things are ticklish consarns; and when you get all ready, drag yourselves along as you come, until I come up with you. But if I am long delayed, hide yourselves under that clump of young alders which I pointed out to you as we came along. The trailing branches will shelter you completely from sight. Have your thoughts about you, youngsters. I like your actions—you've behaved yourselves well thus far, sartainly. Don't spoil all now at the tug of the game—be cool!" And with this repeated warning, he stepped on shore, dragging his canoe into the grass, and then moved stealthily towards the foe, followed by Sands, who accompanied him a short distance, to the edge of a slight opening, where he beckoned him to stop, while he glided with a noiseless step into the open space and disappeared behind a thick growth of bushes.

CHAPTER VI.

The Indians had halted in a small opening in the forest close by the outlet. In the full confidence that all danger from pursuit was over, they had relaxed from their usual watchfulness over their prisoners, and instead of keeping them by their sides, as they had heretofore when they slept, they had allowed them to sit apart, taking the precaution, however, to bind their ankles with thongs. In the early part of the night the sisters, as if worn out with fatigue, had feigned deep slumber. Indeed the distance they had travelled, and the almost constant watchfulness of the preceding nights, rendered rest absolutely necessary to their worn frames. But the intuition they had received of friends lurking near, aroused them. To all suspicion, however, they thought it best to counterfeit sleep, and so satisfied were their captors of its reality and that it would remain unbroken, and so confident that they were entirely beyond the reach of the whites, they yielded themselves unreservedly to that repose which, from what they had lately undergone, nature imperiously demanded.

On a little mossy knoll, wholly unsheltered from the heavy dews, the captives had thrown themselves, their deep, regular breathing betokening that their senses were locked in the deepest slumber, and that they were totally oblivious to the scene around them; and yet there was not the fall of a leaf—the snapping of a twig—the faint chirp of a half-aroused bird—the low sighing of a passing breeze rustling in the tree tops—not one of the many sounds that disturb the silence of night in a forest, that was not heard by those apparently unconscious sleepers.

Since the early evening, when the scout had apprized them of the presence of a friend their bosoms had throbbled with contending emotions—hope and fear absolutely predominating. As the night wore away and no further signs of rescue appearing, their anxiety increased. More than once was the head of Catharine, the eldest, lifted from its mossy pillow, while she cast furtive glances around and eagerly listened to catch some sign of deliverance. Who they were that dogged them to this place she knew not, but her heart told her that one at least of the party was her cousin Sands, while Anna, the younger, as naturally believed that young Smith was among them.

While they were thus waiting in anxious solitude, counting the moments by the beating of their own hearts, and almost despairing of an attempt being made that night, a faint sound in the bushes behind them reached their ears, causing them simultaneously to hold their

breath as they listened eagerly for its repetition. All, however, remained as still as before, and they came to the conclusion that their ears deceived them.

"I certainly thought I heard something," Anna, whispered the elder, placing her mouth close to her sister's ear.

"So did I," added her companion in a tremulous tone.

"Listen again, dear Anna!"

"Hush!" came a low warning at the speaker's ear, interrupting her—"be silent as death—do not move—you have friends at hand!"

"Be calm, Anna, whispered Catharine in a joyful tone to her startled sister—"It is hunting Joe, I know his voice, we are safe!"

Even as she spoke the tall form of the scout rose in front of the bush behind them, just discernible in the gloom of night. Making a sign of silence, he stooped down and cut the things that bound them, and then whispered,

"On your lives, gals, be wary! Raise yourselves—hush! hush!" he hastily added, "don't stir, nor breathe!"

The caution thus suddenly given was occasioned by the movement of one of the savages, a rod, perhaps, in front, who turned heavily on his leafy couch muttering rapidly the unintelligible jargon of his tribe. For a moment the three remained breathlessly listening.

"The varmint is only dreaming," at length said the scout in a tone of relief—"now up and follow me."

The captives did as they were bid, moving with the gentlest caution, until they reached the narrow passage in the bushes which led from the opening, when the scout stopped but motioned them forward.

"I must stay here," he whispered to them as they crept by him, "to guard your retreat; you will find a friend close at hand. Bid him be careful, and remember that you are treading among sleeping adders—if you arouse them it is death!"

The two maidens nodded assent, and passing on soon cleared the clump of bushes, when a well-known voice, recognized though barely grasped hers and guided them along the mazy wilderness to the canoe, in which they hastily seated themselves. Hardly had the trembling girls embarked in the frail vessel, and ere the young men, who followed the counsel of the scout by acting coolly and deliberately, had got fairly arranged for a start, they were alarmed by hearing from the direction whence they had come the expressive exclamation used by the red man when suddenly surprised, followed by a shrill whoop which rang wildly through the forest. Grasping the pendant branches the young men drew the canoe swiftly along, scarcely breathing until they had left the dangerous spot far behind. Their exertions were still further stimulated by soon hearing the sharp crack of a rifle followed by a yell so wild and unearthly, that the blood of the fugitives chilled as it swelled on the ear.

"It was the scout's rifle," said Sands, in a panting voice, "one of the savages has bit the dust!" and with an extra effort he sent the canoe with accelerated speed through the water.

Not another word was uttered until they reached the spot designated by the scout, where they drew the canoe carefully under the clustering foliage, which bent over so as to completely conceal them from the most prying observation. Here they felt comparatively safe, and in low whispers congratulated themselves on their escape.

Their thoughts and anxieties were now centered on the scout, for they felt that their ultimate safety depended on his skill. They had not been long in their covert when they detected the sound of a faint ripple in the water, and almost in the same moment a canoe shot swiftly by their hiding place. It contained but one person, and as it passed, a low whisper reached their ears—"Be still for your lives!" and man and bark were lost in darkness.

But a minute or two intervened when they were again startled by the hurried dip of paddles, and presently another canoe containing four savages darted by farther out in the lake, and shooting off at an angle greatly favorable to the scout if he continued to hug the bank.

With feelings of most intense anxiety the fugitives awaited the issue of events.

CHAPTER VII.

An hour, perhaps, passed by, although to the party in waiting it appeared an age, during which they listened eagerly, dreading every moment they should hear the savage yell of triumph. Motionless and silent they sat, filled with that sickly apprehension which springs from the consciousness of an impending though unknown danger—more trying to the nerves than the bold confronting of the evil. Every thing conspired to heighten their gloom—silence and the darkness of the tomb—doubts and fears and racking suspense.

Sitting thus in dejected reverie, a slight jar from some object striking their frail bark sent a thrill of alarm through each breast.

Ere they recovered from the sudden shock, the scout, leaping lightly from his own canoe stood among them.

"Seize your paddles, boys," he whispered hurriedly, "the moon is up, and this is no place for us. I've scarvenetted the varmints this time," and he gave utterance to a peculiar chuckle with which he was wont to express gratification.

Without further remark he forced the canoe from its concealment and following down the banks, in a short time arrived near the outlet, where he struck out on the lake for the opposite shore. By this time the moon had got above the trees and threw a pillar of light along the lake's tranquil bosom.

"Now dip in your paddles, lads, for your lives," said the scout as he applied himself to the same task. "Dip easy and don't splash the water about; if we can reach the opposite bank we shall stand a smart chance of getting out of their clutches. Keep up your spirits, gals, a marvellous providence will deliver you out of the hands of the spoilers! I tried hard," he continued, "to get to you before the moon was up, but the reptiles dogged me so close—ha! they have discovered us!"

As he spoke a loud whoop rang over the still waters from up the lake, and in the distance, where the rays of the moon glimmered on the surface, the canoe of the savages was seen in hot pursuit.

"Don't be flustered, youngsters," exclaimed the old man in a loud encouraging tone—"Put in all you know—a long sweep and a strong one, and we will distance them yet!" and exerting all his skill and strength the canoe literally leaped over the water.

But on—and on came the pursuers evidently gaining fast upon them, and uttering yells of triumph as the distance between them lessened.

"Ha!" ejaculated the scout as his quick eye detected their approach, "we must put a stop to this. Don't lag, boys," he added as he drew in his paddle, "we'll see if there's any virtue in smooth-bore," and seizing his long rifle he turned carelessly in his seat, raised the weapon to his shoulder and drew the trigger. The flame leaped forth—a wreath of smoke floated astern—the surrounding banks gave back echoes of the loud report, and high above them arose a frightful shriek from the canoe in chase, which fully indicated the fatality of the hunter's aim.

"Now we are on more equal terms," was his cool reply as he exchanged his rifle, after carefully reloading it, for the paddle.

Burning to revenge their comrade's death, the Indians seemed endowed with additional strength, and their light canoe flew over the lake with the swiftness of a swallow. Had the distance to the shore been greater, or had not the death of one of their party thrown them into a momentary confusion, the fugitives would inevitably have been overtaken and have encountered the fatal struggle in a situation in which the foe would have had them at a great advantage. Fortunately the lake at this place was narrow, and, panting with exertion, the pursued reached the land some rods in advance of the savages.

"Smith, look to the gals!" shouted the scout, leaping to the shore rifle in hand followed by Sands—"get 'em out of harm's way—Sands and me will take care of these water snakes!"

Yelling with rage as they saw them land, the savages swept madly on—blind to everything—thinking of nothing but to wreak vengeance—deep and deadly vengeance on the pale faces. The scout and his young companion were on the bank, which arose gradually from the water's edge, the weapon of the latter resting on the trunk of a fallen tree, behind which he knelt.

"Mind your aim, youngster—wait for the word. Take the forward one, you can bring him down easier. Don't be sketched at their bellowing, 'tis the critter's natur'."

Raising his rifle slowly, as if on an ordinary occasion, the scout gave the signal, and the report of the two pieces were almost simultaneous.

When the smoke cleared away, the Indian in the bow of the canoe was seen standing with uplifted paddle, brandishing it with wild gestures in the air like a war club—then giving a piercing howl he sprang in the direction of the shore. There was a heavy splash—a momentary struggle—a groan—and the bright water closed over the sinking savage. A second glance showed the form of another in the stern of the canoe, the head lying over the gunwale, motionless and ghastly.

"That finishes two of the varmints," exclaimed the scout, bringing the butt of his piece to the ground in the act of reloading it—"now for the other."

But before the words were fairly out of his mouth a shot from behind a tree, a little distance to the left and nearer the shore, where Smith had stationed himself, had finished the work of destruction, and the little bark rocked violently for a while on the agitated waters, disturbed by the struggles of its surviving occupant as he fell headlong into the lake.

For some time the party on shore stood gazing in silence upon the place where this scene had transpired, until the waters regained their placidity, and the frail canoe floated in the quiet moonlight, a lone and deserted thing, to be driven with its ghastly freight whither the winds should list. Feeling the insecurity of the present neighborhood, preparations were made to leave it, and in a short time the party were moving slowly and silently thro' the forest toward their distant home.

We will not follow them on their fatiguing and dangerous journey. Enough that the settlement was at last safely reached, and the captives restored, like those from the dead, to their friends, who welcomed them and their deliverers with tears and thanksgivings.

A Jew in Jerusalem.

A work containing most interesting oriental matter has just been published in London, entitled "The Crescent and the Cross," by E. Warburton—who describes in a pleasant manner, various scenes, which he has witnessed, and various adventures which he has met with in his travels in the East. The following graphic description of his meeting with a Jew in the Holy City, will be interesting to our readers:

"The Jews are very fond of news, and very partial to foreigners, particularly to the English. I introduced myself to a venerable and noble-looking Hebrew in the street one day, by asking my way to the Pool of Hezekiah, whither he courteously accompanied me, and afterwards invited me to his house. We entered by a very humble door-way from the silent street, and passing through a dark gallery of some length, entered a large apartment, which equaled in oriental luxury any that I had yet seen. The ceiling was slightly arched, and crusted with stalactites of purple and gold, that appeared to have oozed out from some rich treasury, above. The walls were of panelled cedar or some such dark and fragrant wood, exquisitely carved; the curtains of Damascus silk were gathered into thick folds between pilasters of cedar, polished, yet rugged with rich carving. The windows were without glass, but the foliage of some orange trees softened the sunshine into a delicious glow, lending all the effect of painted glass, with the addition of a quiver, which added coolness to its shade. The furniture was simple, as is customary in the East, and consisted only of divans, or wide silken cushions, ranged round the walls, but little elevated above the floor. This was of marble mosaic, wrought into floral emblems, such as bells, pomegranates, &c., with a white marble basin of clear water in the midst. A rich tufted carpet, in which the foot sank in a meadow, was spread in each corner of the upper end; and leaving our slippers on the marble floor, we took our seat on the divan. When seated, my host laid his hand upon his breast, and repeated his welcome. He then clasped his hands; and pipes—an unusual luxury among the Jews—were brought by two little black slaves, with white tunics and scarlet caps. They retired, and we smoked the pipe of repose in such luxury and calm, as my troubled pilgrimage had seldom known till then. I should have supposed myself in some Pasha's seraglio, but for the gabardine and dark turban of my host, and that firm look of lofty determination that is to be seen on every Hebrew brow, undimmed by the disasters and degradations of 2000 years. My entertainer spoke with respect of Bishop Alexander, and of the other Missionaries: he said he gave them credit

for the best motives, but that it was all in vain to hope to proselytize his people. "The Romans," he added with enthusiasm, "could not condemn Manlius in sight of the Capitol, and the Hill of Zion is not a likely spot for a Jew to forsake the faith of his forefathers."

I asked whether he considered that there was a perceptible increase of his people at present in Jerusalem. He replied, "that the time was not yet arrived." "Many have their eyes now fixed upon Zion," he continued, "and a very slight matter that we know not of might direct multitudes to the spot; at present we are not more than 4000 in Jerusalem; but if our Rabbis were to speak, ten times that number would arrive here before the next Passover. There is barely means of subsistence at present for the numbers within the city, and our poverty and Turkish oppression prevent the country round from being brought into cultivation."

As he spoke of poverty, I glanced round the splendid apartment, and he added, "It is the mass of our brethren who are poor, even to extremity; and supported entirely by alms from us, and from the Jews of Europe; any of us who are possessed of any wealth take some pride, perhaps, in the exhibition of it in our houses, which ought not to be. But I must ask you to excuse my taking leave of you, unless you would wish to accompany me to our synagogue, whither I am now obliged to go."

We passed out through the dark passage and the mean gate into the dirty street, and afterwards, when I sought that house again, I could not even identify it among the squalid dwellings with which it was surrounded. Nor did I ever see my host after I parted from him at the door of the synagogue.

Whitney's Machine Shop.

THE subscriber has recently erected a building at the corner of Bridge and Commercial Streets, in Augusta, and has in operation a steam engine and all other machinery necessary for manufacturing all the varieties of TURNING IN IRON AND WOOD, such as mill work of various kinds, Axletrees, &c., Bedsteads, and other turning in wood. Repairs of Machinery will be attended to promptly, and in a satisfactory manner. He hopes, by a faithful and diligent attention to his business, to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

ELIAS S. WHITNEY.

Augusta, Feb. 6, 1845.

Sawyer & Kelso,

Have taken the upper story of the above named shop of Mr. E. S. WHITNEY, where they are engaged in and have constantly on hand for sale, WINDOW BLINDS, DOORS, SASHES, and PANEL DOORS. House builders, contractors, and all others interested in building, can be furnished with the above at a great saving from the prices paid for the same work done by another hand.

N. B. S. & K. will, in a few days, be prepared to do all kinds of PLANING and TENONING.

Feb. 6, 1845.

DEAFNESS CURED.

SCARPA'S ACUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness, Pain, and discharge of Matter from the ear, price \$1.75. For sale by W. F. HALLETT, Augusta, Jan. 8, 1845.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS, warranted genuine, sold by DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL.

FOR sale one hundred sets axletree nuts and bolts.

LEWIS F. MEAD & CO.

Augusta, April 8, 1845.

LOWELL'S Conversations on some of the Old Poets.

The Waver, Voices of the Night; Ballads and other Poems by H. W. Longfellow, done up in elegant binding, for sale by EDWARD FENNO.

March 18.

Farm for Sale.

THE excellent farm which was the residence of the late Gen. JOHN TURNER, of TURNER, is now offered for sale on the most reasonable terms. It contains 100 acres of land, and is covered with the most valuable timber, and is situated in the County of Oxford. Those who wish to purchase are respectfully invited to call on CHARLES CUSHING on the premises, or on JAMES TORREY of North Turner.

JAMES TORREY.

North Turner, Feb. 20th, 1845.

150 CASES Weymouth Nails of all sizes: 100 lbs. Sheet Zinc, 1000 lbs. and 1000 lbs. Lead; for sale at the Hardware and Store Store, 1 and 2 doors north of the Post Office. L. P. MEAD & CO.

January 1, 1845.

Life Insurance!

THE subscriber has been appointed Agent of "THE NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY," one of the best Institutions for insurance in this country, having a capital stock of \$100,000 paid in, as a guarantee of its safety and stability. Any person holding a policy becomes a Member of the Company, and is entitled to his proportion of the profits—according to the provisions of the Charter.

In addition to the advantages to be derived to families, and others by means of this insurance, a creditor may frequently give himself additional security for his debt by insuring his debtor's life—a premium may be enabled, by procuring insurance upon his own life, to obtain a credit of any amount necessary in his business operations. Insurance may be had at moderate rates—for any term of years, or for life, upon \$100 and upwards, as may be desired.

Any information will be given, or applications for insurance received by the subscriber at his office in AUGUSTA, or by letter, post paid.

BENJ. A. G. FULLER.

September 2, 1844.

Bonner's Method at Reduced Prices.

THE cheapness, and expedition, by which manure may be manufactured by the Bonner's process, and the various substances which it may be used for, are so advantageously applied, render it one of the most useful improvements of the age. To facilitate the general introduction of this important accession to the farming interest, it is proposed to sell the method to companies at reduced prices, in each separate town, with special privileges, and extra inducements for its speedy adoption, in every place, where manure is appreciated. Numerous companies have already been formed in different states, and many more are now in progress. It is intended, as soon as practicable, to employ a competent travelling agent in each county, for the completion of this object. Ezekiel Hoole, Esq., has been appointed agent for Cumberland County, and Samuel Dain, Esq., for the County of Lincoln, in the State of Maine. Only qualified persons, who may secure the agency for the other counties, will find the employment useful and lucrative. Communications to me, must be post paid, and directed to me, at Westville, New Haven County, Connecticut.

ELI BARNETT.

March 1, 1845.

L. YALE'S

Patent Mill Dogs.

THE subscriber is agent for the sale of "Yale's Patent Mill Dogs," for the County of Kennebec: all in want of a good self setting machine, are requested to call at the mill dam and examine one of these machines in operation. They may also be seen at the steam mill in Bath, Wiscasset and Brunswick.

I. G. JOHNSON.

Augusta, Sept. 6th, 1844.

Patent Shingle Machine.

THE subscriber having received letters patent for an improvement in the SHINGLE MACHINE, is now ready to furnish them at short notice, and he would request those in want to call on him and examine the great improvement which he has made in the machine for sawing shingles. By his improvement one eighth more shingles can be sawed in the same given time than by any other machine now in use on the old plan. The above machines are warranted or no sale.

Agents.—J. R. Andrews, Saccarappa; G. W. Wakefield, Cherryfield; Messrs. Butler & Hancock, East Machias; and Mr. Mathias Vickery, Calais. All infringers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the Law.

ISRAEL G. JOHNSON.

Augusta, Maine, Sept. 4th, 1844.



Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

A Compound Balsamic Preparation from Wild Cherry Bark and Tar.

The best remedy known to the world for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Bleeding of the Lungs, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Influenza, Sore Throat, Breach, Pain and Weakness in the Breast or Side, Liver Complaint, and the first stages of CONSUMPTION.

A THOUSAND CURES in cases deemed utterly hopeless, every former medical discovery. It has always been styled "Nature's Own Preparation," being formed chiefly from chemical extracts from Wild Cherry Bark and Tar—two trees that are thickly scattered wherever diseases of the lungs prevail. We give a few instances of its extraordinary